

*Published monthly*

THE SOUTHERN  
LITERARY JOURNAL  
AND  
Monthly Magazine.



*Poet nubila Phoebe.*

OCTOBER 1, 1835.

---

DANIEL K. WHITAKER,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

---

CHARLESTON:  
PRINTED BY JAMES S. BURGES,  
18 BROAD-STREET.  
1835.

## CONTENTS.

---

### ORIGINAL ARTICLES:

	PAGE
Theory of Moral Approbation,	65
The Nyctanthes,	77
The Maid of the Castle, by Professor NOTT,	78
Lines to the Memory of Mrs. Hemans,	84
Progress of Temperance,	85
The Judgment of the Dead,	92
Descent of Æneas to the Shades, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. ENGLAND,	95
Taming of the Wild Horse, by W. GILMORE SIMMS, Esq.	99
Sketches of Indian Character,	101
Acrostic on 'Love,'	107
Literary Coincidences,	108
The Monarch's Goblet,	112
A Passage in the Life of Hans Holbein,	113
Prayer during the Battle,	117
Scrap from a Young Lady's Album,	118
FROM OUR ARM-CHAIR.	
The South-Carolina Society for the Advancement of Learning. Publication No. I.	119
The Southern Rose,	120
Substance of a Discourse by the Rt. Rev. Dr. ENGLAND,	ib.
The Fine Arts.—Mr. White's Picture of Taking the Veil,	121
Poets and Poetry,	122
American Institute of Instruction,	123
Anti-Abolition Spirit at the North,	126

# SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL.

---

VOL. I.]

OCTOBER, 1835.

[No. 2.

---

## THEORY OF MORAL APPROBATION.

THE source of the approbation and disapprobation of the actions of a moral agent, is a problem which has engaged much of the attention of philosophers, and has been variously solved. The inquiry having in view the solution of this problem, is, perhaps, the most interesting one in the whole science of morals. To those who have leisure for it, and will yield it a proper attention, it may, to a certain extent, be a useful inquiry. Virtue, whatever our analysis of it may be, is uniformly and every where, as a result, the object of moral approval, and the virtuous individual, according to his degree of virtue, is the object either of esteem, love, or veneration. And although he who performs a single act of virtue, may, from such an exercise of moral power, and from the delight that springs from that exercise, know better how to appreciate the value of virtue, than the individual who has at his tongue's end the opinions, and systems of opinions, of all the learned men who have ever speculated about the nature of virtue, yet it is impossible to institute and prosecute an inquiry into the merits even of those systems, without bringing us into immediate association with the objects which we most approve; and the tendency and effect of such an inquiry is, therefore, to awaken some of the best feelings that can actuate the human breast. It is with peculiar satisfaction, therefore, that we enter upon an investigation which, while it carries us somewhat into the region of metaphysics, directs our footsteps to a spot, where the sky over head is always pure, bright and serene—where the atmosphere, that spreads around, is healthful, elastic, and reviving to the spirits, and the flowers, that spring up under our feet, diffuse the richest fragrance, and are tinged with the most delicate hues.

To proceed, then, with our subject. Why do we pronounce some actions virtuous, and others vicious? What is the ground of our approbation? What is the measure of virtue? These inquiries have, as we before stated, been answered differently by different individuals—different philosophical inquirers, who have bestowed great labor, learning and skill in the investigation of the subject. Thus, the advocates of the Selfish System in morals maintain, that we approve of actions, simply because the results of those actions are agreeable or advantageous to ourselves, and to ourselves only. Self, according to them, is the great centre from which all the moral virtues, if they are deserving of the name of virtues, emanate, and around which they revolve. Benevolence,

philanthropy, patriotism, have no disinterested character, but are viewed by these narrow minded theorists only as modifications of selfishness—only as forms of an extended self-love. If a man performs what we should denominate a good action, they maintain that it is merely for the sake of praise—or if he acts honestly and uprightly, that it is only to secure an advantage, or procure influence. The standard of action of this class of moralists is very low—it is wholly unfitted to the aims of generous and liberal minds, and proceeds upon grounds which, if admitted, would destroy all principle, and render the distinctions between right and wrong, virtue and vice, wholly unavailing. For what is that virtue worth which, regardless of the wants and claims of others, considers those actions only as virtuous and meritorious which contribute, by some means or other, to self-interest and self-aggrandizement—which will never sacrifice a selfish purpose, or surrender a personal advantage or pleasure, in order to promote the happiness or welfare of others? And how can that be regarded, in any point of view, as a standard of action, which, from the very nature of the case, must vary with the whims, caprice and passions of every individual? And further, ought it to be so regarded? Should we be content to admit—will truth suffer us to admit so ignoble a rule in estimating the character of actions? If we lived totally independent of each other, and were bound together by no common ties as men, as citizens and as patriots—if we were disocial beings by the constitution of our nature, or by accident and the force of circumstances, this might be the case. But the very organization of civil society under which we are placed, is at open war with these selfish maxims—looks upon us as capable of humanity and friendship, and requires us, in view of our social tendencies and our social claims, to respect the rights, lives, liberties and happiness of others—nay it compels us to respect them, by annexing a penalty to our violation of them. Unfortunately, however, for the interests of society, and for the cause of truth and virtue, the advocates of the Selfish System are but too numerous. Many are to be found ready to adopt a creed which gratifies their ambition, and flatters their self-love, and which they are permitted to dignify with the imposing name of philosophy. We are sorry to perceive that the ingenious Dr. Brown finds it necessary to class Paley along with the advocates of this system; but that part of his theory which refers the motives to virtue exclusively to self-interest, though that interest is created solely by the rewards of a future life, rendered it proper that he should do so, however alien many of the doctrines of that distinguished ethical writer may be from the views of the unamiable class into which he has fallen.

The theories of Clarke and Wollaston, we would denominate, as contradistinguished from the former, the Rational System, simply because reason, rather than sentiment or feeling, has a conspicuous place in it, and is made the principle test of what virtue, in reference to a particular action, or a particular course of action, is. We follow the example of Dr. Brown in classing these two philosophers together, because the differences between their systems are not radical, but consist chiefly in the employment of different terms and epithets, which convey essentially the same ideas. Their theories are, in the main, identical. According to

Dr. Clarke, *virtue consists in the conformity of actions to the fitnesses of things*—a plain, simple, palpable definition, but which does not please persons possessed of an enthusiastic temperament, for the reason that they would blend something of passion even with their idea of virtue, and who regard the definition, therefore, as too jejune and frigid. They seem to forget, however, that truth consists of unalterable principles, while the moral emotions are as diversified and changeable as the circumstances which excite them. An objection has been raised to the employment of the term ‘fitness’ in this connexion. ‘Fitness,’ it is said, is nothing more nor less than the adaptation of certain means to a certain end, and inasmuch as it may consist in the adaptation of bad means to a bad end, as well as in the adaptation of good means to a good end, virtue cannot consist in the conformity of actions to the mere ‘fitnesses of things,’ unless it be, which it is not, a matter of indifference whether the means and ends of virtue be good or bad. The injustice of this objection consists in the objector’s employing the term ‘fitness’ in a sense which, in the connexion in which he uses it, is perfectly correct; but which is not the sense in which the philosopher used it—a sense which is equally correct. Dr. Clarke intended to use the word ‘fit,’ merely as synonymous with the epithets *right* and *proper*; and when he says, that virtue consists in the conformity of actions to the ‘fitnesses of things,’ he means nothing more than to say, that virtue consists in the conformity of actions to what is *right* or *proper* in things. In this point of view, his theory is certainly maintainable; and the chief imperfection of it consists, not in the principle of it, but in the employment of a word, upon which the whole theory turns, that may be used in different senses, and in his not having pointed out with sufficient distinctness, or guarded by suitable limitations, the particular sense in which he, in his philosophical theory, used it.

According to Wollaston, virtue is the conformity of actions to the *truth of things*, or the true nature of things—he merely substituting the word *truth*, where Clarke uses the word *fitness*; in other words, it is their conformity to *nature*, or to *right reason*, or to *what is right*—for he uses all these expressions in the same sense. The inquiry then arises, what is *truth*, a conformity to which renders the moral agent himself virtuous, and the actions which he performs, *virtue*? Truth may be viewed in two relations—in relation to *language*, and in relation to conduct or *actions*. *Language* is true when it expresses things *as they are*; and *actions* are true when *they* express things *as they are*. Actions always have a signification. They always imply something. Every one who has witnessed a well performed pantomime, can bear witness to this. Actions frequently express things as vividly, and sometimes more vividly, than language itself. The generality of mankind would rather depend upon the actions of men than their words. If a stranger, approaching the fork of a road, were to inquire of a passer by his direction to a particular place to which he was going, and the road which led to it were the road to *the right*, and the person inquired of were to say distinctly, in words, *turn to your left*, and were at the same time to lift his arm, and point emphatically with his hand *to the right*, the informant would *act* what was *true*, and *say* what was *false*, and the traveller would doubt-

less pursue the course indicated by the gesture, rather than that pointed out by the words. So, when the soldiers of one of our frigates at Toulon, recently firing a salute in honor of the French king's birthday, discharged, through mistake, guns loaded with balls, and killed several men, and wounded several others, they, by this act, declared, that they were enemies to the French king, and not his friends. If it be replied, that they were, in fact, *not* his enemies, but his friends, it will then follow, that *by this act* they declared what was false, and as clearly as if they had expressed the declaration in words. So, if a man live as if he had a large fortune, which he has not, or as if he was something which he is not, he lives a *lie*. So, says Wollaston, to talk to a *post*, and treat it as if it were a *man*, is, in fact, to deny that a post *is a post*; and to treat a man as if he were a *post*, as if he could not feel or resent an injury, is also, in fact, to deny that a man *is a man*. Actions, therefore, must express things truly as they are; in other words, they must be conformed to truth or the nature of things, and this conformity to truth is the reason why we approve of them. But when it is said that virtue is the conformity of the actions of a moral agent to the truth of things, the definition may be, and is, strictly correct; but the language employed is obscure and technical. Few persons, unless they are logicians, and accustomed to reasoning, can readily comprehend it. A plain, popular definition of virtue, embracing substantially Wollaston's views, and the views of other philosophers who only *seem* to differ from him, is a desideratum in moral science.

Dr. Smith's theory of virtue is not liable to the objections which have been sometimes urged against the two last named systems, founded on the consideration that our approbation or disapprobation of certain actions, results (according to those systems) from a pure process of reasoning, and the conformity or variance of actions to or from a certain fixed and ascertained standard. On the contrary, it is a doctrine founded emphatically on the social nature of man, and the existence of certain sympathies—a doctrine which, if it does not make all virtue consist in feeling, at any rate raises feeling to be regarded as the sole test of virtue, excluding entirely from the system of morality the analysis of reason and the deductions of philosophy. According to this theory, before we can approve of the action of another, and pronounce it *virtuous*, we must enter into and sympathize with the feelings of that other, and must also enter into and sympathize with the feelings of the individual or individuals who may be, in any degree, affected by that action; and in the same manner, before we can approve of any act of our own, and pronounce it *virtuous*, we must enter into and sympathize with the feelings of those who are affected by our action; and if, in either case, our *sympathy* be of the agreeable or joyful kind, we instantly applaud or approve the action and denominate it *virtuous*. It is no doubt true, that we are, to a certain extent, social beings—that it has pleased a benevolent Deity to impart to his creatures of mankind certain benevolent and sympathetic affections, which are the means of virtue and the sources of happiness. We cannot deny it without, at the same time, belying the choicest faculties of our nature. When we hear that a man has done a great and generous action, our pulse quickens, our heart beats with ex-

stacy at the recital, and the exclamation involuntarily bursts from our lips, "O that I had done the same!" Who that has read the touching account, in the Heart of Mid-Lothian, of the journey of Jeannie Deans from the metropolis of Scotland to that of England, in order to procure the pardon of her unfortunate sister, has not recognized and acknowledged, from the very bottom of his heart, the almost omnipotent power of virtue? Alone, unfriended, unprotected, on foot, this affectionate female, overwhelmed with grief at the condemnation to death, on a false charge, of one dear to her as her own soul, borne onward by the impulse of a love stronger than death, despising difficulties and defying every sort of danger, traversed this (to her) immense distance, and, though ignorant of all the forms and ceremonies that guard the access to majesty, resolved, with the spirit of a heroine and a woman, to throw herself at the foot of the throne, and to implore, as a last resort, that compassion from the royal clemency which had been denied to her unfortunate relative by unjust and inexorable laws. How touching is her interview with the Queen! How does the heart accompany her in every word that she utters! How respectful, and at the same time how expressive her language! How powerful, how irresistible her appeals! "O madam, if ye ever ken'd what it was to sorrow for and with a sinning and a suffering creature, whose mind is sae tossed that she can neither be ca'ed fit to live or die, have some compassion on our misery! Save an honorable house from dishonor, and an unhappy girl, not eighteen years of age, from an early and a dreadful death! Alas! it is not when we sleep soft, and wake merrily ourselves, that we think on other people's suffering. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our ain wrongs, and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind, or to the body—and seldom may it visit your leddyship—and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low—long and late may it be yours, O my leddy—then it isna' what we hae dune for oursells, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly. And the thought that ye have intervened to spare the puir thing's life, will be sweeter in that hour, come when it may, than if a word of your mouth could hang the hail Porteous mob at the tail of ae tow." How does our judgment instantly respond to the exclamation of the Queen, "*This is eloquence!*" How do our tears begin to flow with those of the afflicted sufferer, as she proceeds, with a determination allied to that of despair itself, to address her energetic and heart-rending appeals to one, whom she does not suspect at the time to be the Queen, but only to have an influence upon the royal ear! How do we exult and triumph when we perceive that the Queen begins to yield—to relax from the sternness which she assumed upon first hearing the petition, and overcome by the force of truth, and the artlessness of the tale, finally yielding her whole soul to the impulse of the humane and forgiving sentiments which it was the object of the humble, but irresistible pleader, to excite.

So, when the celebrated Dr. Whitfield, preaching upon the intercession of our Saviour, affirmed that the most powerful appeal which he made to the mercy of the Almighty Father, in behalf of his erring creatures, was by the exhibition of the wound in his side, and the prints

of the nails in his hands and feet, as evidence of the sufferings he had undergone in our behalf, he illustrated his position by the case of a Roman senator, who, having been condemned to death for some supposed offence, attempted to obtain a repeal of the sentence, by explaining the circumstances which had procured his conviction in a manner consistent with his innocence; recounting, at the same time, his various military achievements to an assembly that seldom turned a deaf ear to the exploits of heroes, but all in vain; not a heart was moved—not a murmur of approbation was heard—not a single indication that his judges were about to relent was given; but when, finding words unavailing, the luckless senator threw aside his scarlet robe and exposed a bosom all covered with honorable scars, and threw up the stump of an arm which he had lost in defending the liberties of his country, the effect was overpowering; the sternest spirits yielded to the shock; the new impulse spread with electric rapidity, from heart to heart, and all the senators, starting upon their feet, shouted out as it were with one voice and one feeling, “a pardon! a pardon!”

There can be no doubt that man, wherever he is to be found, and whatever his condition may be, whether barbarous or civilized, rude or refined, sympathizes with virtue. The generous feelings may be stifled by self-interest—they may be curbed and impeded by ambition—they may be lost sight of in the restless and eager pursuit of forbidden pleasures—they may be blighted by vice, and rendered callous by a long career of artifice and crime; but they can never be entirely extinguished—never wholly rooted out of the constitution of human nature. Like a long smothered fire, working its way through a heap of rubbish, they will sometimes burst forth and diffuse a lustre over the dark deeds of the most desperate villain. Where there is nothing to interfere with their natural workings, nothing to check their peculiar tendency, they are always to be found on the side of humanity—always to be felt fanning the flame of benevolence—always to be recognized co-operating with the great aims of virtue against the trickery and meanness of vice; vindicating the cause of justice against the stratagems of force—the interests of freedom in defiance of the tyranny of the oppressor—the rights of the many in opposition to the despotism of the few. In the prosecution of no claim that is founded in truth—of no enterprize that is noble and praiseworthy, and that has for its aim the happiness of others; in the relief of no misfortune that is the result of accident and not of culpable imprudence, do men hesitate to appeal, with confidence, to these generous and philanthropic feelings—and seldom, very seldom, is the appeal made in vain; seldom are individuals to be found with consciences so seared, and hearts so hard, and habits so corrupting that they are indifferent to the heavenly call—insensible to the movements of the Deity that stirs within their breasts, and prompts them to acts of virtue—to deeds of honor and humanity. We are not going to deny the existence of these excellent feelings of human nature, when we maintain that Dr. Smith, in his theory of moral sentiments, which is chiefly built upon them, has misunderstood, and consequently misstated, the true theory of virtue—the true ground of our approbation of the moral actions of mankind. He appears to us, we confess, to have mistaken sympathy, which

is always the *effect* of our approbation, for the *cause* of it. He makes our judgment of the rectitude of actions depend upon the existence and operation of certain feelings which we possess in common with others, and which others possess in common with us. Besides that virtue is something immutable—something conformed to a fixed law, which law must be well understood, before we attempt to define virtue; something, therefore, which must not be determined by mere feeling, because feeling is not fixed, but liable to change with every change of circumstances;—besides this objection, which is one of weight, and one which goes greatly to weaken the system, there is another of a still more serious character, which, if it is sustainable, and is sustained, will leave his whole fabric without the shadow of a foundation on which to stand. The grand objection to Dr. Smith's theory is, that it offers, not only no satisfactory solution, but no solution at all, of the problem which has so much perplexed philosophers with regard to the cause of our approbation of some actions, and disapprobation of others. It, no doubt, affords many fine illustrations of virtue; it unquestionably gives us a correct idea of what virtue and moral excellence, as far as mere examples can explain it, is; but when we are seeking for causes, it is not sufficient for the theorist to point us to mere facts and effects. He must do more than this, before we can consent to yield him the praise, not only of a sound, but even of an ingenious philosopher. He must give us the *rationale* of the system—he must account, upon known and established principles, for the various striking phenomena which he affirms to exist. And this, as far as we can understand his system, he has not done. For we take it, that it is by no means sufficient, when we formally put the question, Why do I approve of any good, noble, or generous action? to answer, that it is because I sympathize with the feelings of the agent—because I feel a certain emotion of pleasure, which is tantamount to a full approval. For is not this taking for granted, and regarding as a settled postulate, the very position which the system-maker ought to have proved? The very sympathy upon which he depends for a solution of the problem is, oftentimes, an example of that virtue which it was the business of his theory to explain. It is, in a good measure, dependent on moral culture, mental discipline and habits of life, which are more or less under the control of every individual, and more under the control of some individuals than of others. The ulterior question immediately suggests itself—Why do I sympathize? Why do I feel this emotion of pleasure in regard to any action?—or, in other words, Why do I approve of it? And to these questions, upon the theory of Dr. Smith, there are, and there can be, no satisfactory answers given; and, indeed, no answer at all, except this, "I approve of the action because it pleases me; and why it pleases me, I know not."

Dr. Brown, in his 'Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind,' has advanced, and taken great pains to establish a theory of virtue, for which he claims the merit of originality. It is certain that he has taken a different position, in some respects, from his predecessors, who have treated of this interesting subject. He has made some distinctions that are equally new, just and important. He has assigned to merit, virtue and obligation, peculiar relations borrowed from the past, the present, and

the future. He has shewn that these are not, as they have been generally regarded, pure abstractions, existing separately and independently, but are always to be viewed in connexion with agents, who attract to *themselves* primarily and not to their *actions*, the praise or blame which moral conduct awakens. He has proved that the faculty, whatever it may be, by which we approve and disapprove, is the same every where, and at all times; and that the apparent inconsistency of this view with the fact, that the virtues of one age and people are, in appearance, the vices of another, is reconciled by the consideration, that what is truly regarded as criminal among civilized and enlightened nations, often becomes merged in what is looked upon as the highest degree of virtue among barbarous tribes, and which is, in fact, the object of moral approval every where. He has, in a word, thrown much light on several vexed questions, solved numerous agitating doubts, detected various perplexing sophisms, and considerably extended the precincts of moral science, which he has, at the same time, contributed greatly to illustrate and embellish. What however seems to us to distinguish his theory, as a theory, from other theories of virtue, and to give it a species of individuality, is rather a certain novelty of language, a peculiar and rare grace of diction, than any striking originality of thought, or truth, boldness and strength of reasoning. The fundamental doctrine upon which his theory turns, is radically defective; and it is surprising that a philosopher of so much astuteness should have committed so great a blunder in regard to his chief and cardinal postulate. Like Smith, he resolves the groundwork of all morality into emotions and feelings. He does not give to those feelings a strictly social character, by classing them under the general denomination of sympathies; but still he makes feeling the test of virtue. He objects to the term *moral sense*, because he does not consider feeling, in an intellectual point of view, as a sense at all; he prefers to call it an original moral principle—a susceptibility to moral emotions—a faculty of the soul distinct, original and independent, as much so as reason, memory or imagination—a faculty, however, which, he says, bears an intimate resemblance to the sentiment of love, when virtue is concerned, and to that of hatred, when vice is the subject of contemplation. Now it is readily conceded that exactly such a faculty as Brown contends for, actually exists, and must exist while man continues to be what he now is—a faculty of moral approbation; and whether this faculty is called moral sense, moral principle, love, sympathy, a susceptibility to moral emotions, right reason, or what not, is quite immaterial. So long as the ideas which are comprehended in this distinct, independent, universal faculty are, in each case, precisely similar, it is a matter of perfect indifference which of the particular terms is used. It was not the peculiar province of the philosopher to prove the existence of such a faculty. That was, on all hands, in a certain sense, and in a sense sufficient to cover the ground assumed by Dr. Brown, previously admitted. It did not require, therefore, that a treatise should be written to prove the fact. It was however necessary that Dr. Brown, if he wished to give celebrity to what he regarded as a new theory, should have pointed out distinctly the cause or causes of our moral approbation of actions. It was not enough for him to affirm that we pos-

sess a certain faculty or principle, call it what you will, by means of which we approve of the disposition which prompts to the performance of certain actions, as well as of the actions themselves, without at the same time, accounting, in a philosophical manner, for the sources or grounds of our approval. If he had done this, which he has not done, he would have solved the problem.

The theory of the Baron Degerando (if the partial and hasty views on the subject contained in his admirable treatise, entitled 'Self Education, or the Means and Art of Moral Progress,' can be so regarded) seems to be the result of a compromise between the systems of Brown, Smith, Hume and the theologians. It is thus stated:

"The great law of duty is not at first expressed in a general formula, as an abstract notion." \* \* \* \* "We hear this law when we observe, either in ourselves or a fellow-being, deliberate, spontaneous action, done by man as an author or cause. Whenever such an action is done before us (impartial spectators), it excites in us a sentiment of approbation or disapprobation according to its nature, effects, and the motives we suppose in the author. And this sentiment is not the result of reflection upon the personal advantages, which we may hope from the consequences of the action; for we have supposed ourselves disinterested; and besides, the sentiment excited is direct, immediate, preceding all deliberate combination. Nor is it the consequence of our judgment concerning the advantage which the action may procure for its author; on the contrary, from the first glance, the consideration of the advantage which the author sacrifices to fulfil the duty, confirms and increases our approbation, as our observing the personal profit, which he seeks in violating duty, confirms and increases our blame of him. Our approbation and blame differ from our assent to truth, and our censure of error; they are attached to ideas of merit or demerit, which truth or error cannot call forth. Moreover, our approbation or blame is not checked, when the author of the act has been stopped in the execution of it, by an obstacle independent of his will: the intention itself is what is estimated. And if we play in the action the double part of author and spectator, our approbation or blame will be more decided and energetic, as the intention is more clearly known to us."—p. 62.

The Baron agrees with Brown and Smith in supposing the sentiment of approbation to be 'direct, immediate, preceding all deliberate combination.' He concurs with Hume when he makes it depend upon a consideration of the 'effects' of an action, and with the theologians when he accounts for it by a reference to 'the motives we suppose in the author.' These different methods of solving the problem are totally irreconcileable with each other. If the sentiment be 'direct, immediate, preceding all deliberate combination,' then it cannot arise from a consideration of the 'effects' of an action, which would require time and calculation; nor can it be graduated to 'the motives we suppose in the author,' because these motives are generally concealed from human observation, and fully open only to the eye of omniscience. It is obvious that the Baron Degerando, though certainly a delightful ethical writer—by far the most so, in fact, that we have ever read—often makes very loose assertions.

The theory which regards *utility* as the ground of moral approbation, first advanced by Hume, maintained substantially by Paley, and more elaborated, in modern times, by the celebrated Jeremy Bentham, though rejected by many enlightened philosophers of the present age, still deserves respectful consideration. We are so unfashionable as to regard it less exceptionable than any of the numerous systems on the subject which have yet been given to the world. It seems to us to be sustained

by numerous analogies drawn from nature—to be not only consistent with, but apparently confirmed by the express dicta of revelation—to afford a satisfactory solution of most of the difficulties touching the subject, which have suggested themselves to philosophers—to be happily adapted to our social nature, and to afford an ample field for its development—and though last, not its least recommendation—to be a plain, practical, intelligible system, free from mysteries, accommodated to general comprehension, and adapted to popular use. It is on the latter ground chiefly that we prefer it to that of Clarke or Wollaston. We cannot doubt that actions which are fit and proper, and strictly accommodated to nature, are always truly useful actions; but the difficulty, nay, the impossibility, consists in measuring actions by this standard. This may be done by the Deity—by an omniscient intelligence—by one who knows the end from the beginning—who perceives clearly what means are adapted to the ends proposed, and adapts them accordingly—who can estimate actions by their strict conformity to truth and nature, and detect their slightest variance from those great standards; but man, who is not gifted with such an amount of skill and prescience, must be governed by a somewhat inferior rule—one better adapted to his capacities—one far more practical, and which can be called into daily use. The short motto—“*be useful*”—furnishes this rule.

When we look abroad upon the material universe, and consider the ends for which all things in the animal, the mineral, and the vegetable kingdoms were created, we perceive the evidences not only of consummate wisdom, but of perfect benevolence, every where clearly unfolded. All things seem intended not only for some clear and definite purpose, but for some unquestionably good and useful purpose. And may not a strong argument be drawn from the evident designs of Providence, indicated in the creation of all other things and beings, in respect to its designs in the creation of moral and intellectual beings? We look upon a single seed as it is cast into the earth. Soon it emerges from the surface in a new shape, and assumes an upward tendency in the form of a stalk or stem. Under the genial influence of heat, light, and moisture, it follows the law of nature indicated to its peculiar class, and puts forth leaves of the most lively verdure; then branches, pointing downwards to the centre of the earth, and upwards towards the heavens; then blossoms of the most delicate fragrance and variegated hues; then fruits of some kind, adapted to gratify the palate, or of importance in the healing art. Finally, for the single seed that was cast into the earth in the spring, there are produced in the autumn thousands, and sometimes tens of thousands of seeds of the same kind, which, upon being planted, again spring up, exhibiting in endless succession the same beautiful phenomena, and tending to the same beneficent results. The stately stalk, though it may bend under the storm, will struggle to recover itself, and notwithstanding the vicissitudes and trials of various kinds to which it is subject, there will be a constant effort on its part to put forth, again and again, the same beautiful flower, the glory of the creation, and to re-produce the same delicious fruit, the blessing of man, to the end of time! Can we look upon this speaking emblem with indifference? Is not Nature the great instructor of man? and does she not impart to him the truest les-

sons? We need not confine ourselves to illustrations borrowed from the vegetable world. Tell us in what world exists the thing, or being, of which we cannot predicate the natural use or uses—uses which have already been discovered, or which may, with the aid of philosophy and the lights of science, be discovered. There is, there must be, a harmony existing, in this particular, between the works of the material universe and the intellectual and moral nature of man; and man, no less than Nature's works, must be intended for the use and benefit of man. Granting even the point for which some moralists contend, that man has lost something of that essential purity in view of which God pronounced him *good*, in common with the rest of his creation, in the primeval age, still it must be admitted by all, that he possesses, even at his birth, a capacity for goodness—a capacity for conferring benefits, inert of course through the period of infancy, but which is clearly intended by the Creator, who imparted it, to be subsequently called into exercise. And when, in addition to this indication of man's nature, is superadded the christian rule, making the duty of conferring benefits commensurate with our desire of receiving them, can it be doubted that utility is the aim by which our actions should be regulated, and at the same time the standard by which their character is to be ascertained?

But what! it is said, will you approve of the actions of a man, a moral, an intellectual creature, a being of noble and glorious endowments, for the same reason that you approve of a printing press, a steam engine, a spinning-jenny, a chest of drawers, a knife and fork, a fan, or a field of wheat? We reply, for precisely the same, and for no other reason. We extend our approbation to the man, to his actions, and to his inventions, for no other reason whatever than the uses—the benefits to which the man, his actions and his inventions are respectively subservient. But it may be responded, how much more useful to mankind is the invention of the steam engine, the printing press, the spinning-jenny, than the actions of any single individual of mankind ever were, or ever can be; and will you adopt a theory of virtue that shall degrade man to a rank in the scale of excellence, below that even of the machine which was the result of his own contrivance? To this it may be answered, that these inventions are, in fact, the *actions* of the individual who contrived them, and that, in approving a man's actions, we do not elevate the actions above the agent who performs them. We connect the actions with the agent, and it is the agent, after all, that produces the benefit, and not the action or the invention, which would have had no existence, and been productive of no use, independent of the agent or the inventor.

But it is still further objected, that utility should not be regarded as the measure of virtue, if by that phrase be meant, that virtue is in exact proportion to the degree of usefulness. We cannot always ascertain what is most useful upon the whole; we cannot always look to all the remote consequences of our actions, and say, with certainty, that such or such an action will be beneficial to society. Indeed, the very action that we most approve, and regard most useful, may, in the end, be prejudicial to our own interests and to those of others. The objection, however, assumes too much. The theory of utility involves no such absurdities. Virtue is *not* in exact proportion to the degree of usefulness. Utility is

nothing more than a tendency to a certain end, which end is happiness. It cannot be graduated to a scale by inches, feet, or furlongs. It is certain, if a man, before he could act well, were obliged to stop short and calculate all the consequences that might possibly result from his action, to himself, to others, to the present age and to the next, that he would never act either ill or well—that he would never act at all. A theory of virtue is not to be formed for possible contingencies, and with a view to meet extreme cases. It must be accommodated to men as they generally are to be found in society, to the dictates of experience, and to the ordinary course of events. Men are endowed with reason, but they are not gods. They are often not so much as prophets. They do, however, generally know the tendency of actions. They can affirm, with very great confidence, that such or such an action will be beneficial, such or such another action will be injurious—indeed with as much certainty as they can affirm that such or such an utensil is useful in daily life, or such or such a weapon is destructive in war; and they will no more hesitate to perform an action whose tendencies, for reasons not apparent, may possibly be defeated, than they will hesitate to use a knife and fork in conveying food to their mouths, because it may so happen, in the possibility of things, that the knife or the fork may be converted from an ordinary and humble instrument for the support of human life, into an extraordinary and fatal weapon for effecting its destruction.

Virtue consists in action, in beneficial action, not in mere sentiment, however proper the mere sentiment even may sometimes be. The case of the legislator, who makes laws for the general good, and of the patriot, who offers up his life in defence of the liberties of his country, differs from that of the private citizen, who moves in an humble sphere, and does good upon a narrower scale. The aim of each, however, is to be useful, and what other motive can be assigned for the practice of any of the virtues? When a benefactor founds a hospital, or endows a college, he certainly looks to the advantages which will result from his liberality to those who are to be the subjects of his bounty. The laboring man, if poor, exerts himself for the support of his family. If he inculcates upon his children the practice of virtue, the formation of correct habits, is it not to make them good men and good citizens? Why does he himself pay a strict regard to justice in his intercourse with his fellow-men, except that he perceives it indispensable to his own interests, and to the good of society, that he should do so? For what purpose do men exercise their talents in acquiring knowledge, or their genius in making discoveries? Do they not look to their own advancement, or to the advancement of the cause of truth or of human happiness? If a man is temperate, is it not to preserve his health?—if ambitious, is it not to procure influence?—if discreet, is it not because he knows and feels that rashness will undo him?—if he keeps secrets that are intrusted to him, is it not because the betrayal of confidence would lessen his self-respect?—and is that no advantage to the man who would act a worthy part? Tell me of the virtue, from the practice of which you can separate a useful tendency, and I will point you to what may be called a worthless virtue. But tell me that by acting so and so, I shall promote my own welfare, and the happiness of others, and I not only listen to you with pleasure, but I acknow-

ledge that you have presented motives to exertion, the force of which I cannot resist. You offer me an object which I can and do approve with all my heart, and which I feel justified in prosecuting with all my efforts.

This is the philosophy of common sense. If it be theory, it is theory that has an intimate relation to practice. Of all theories it is the one most popular with mankind at large, and one that has the most decided influence on conduct and character. The ingenuity of philosophers has invented many theories of virtue, but not one so perfect as this—not one so worthy of the attention of an enlightened age. It appeals for its truth equally to the dictates of the understanding and to those of the heart. It summons around it a thousand attractions that captivate even the imagination, and, with a view to permanence, lays its foundations deep and strong in the fundamental principles of truth itself. It, in one word, constitutes the sum and essence of the most divine morality, securing to its zealous and active advocates the most extensive benefits here, and promising the rarest and most enviable felicity hereafter.

### THE NYCTANTHES,

OR NIGHT BLOOMING JESSAMINE.

'Tis when the last faint ray of light  
Is fading in the western skies,  
And all that late shone fair and bright  
In deepest gloom enshrouded lies:

'Tis then, pure flower, thy leaves of white  
(Which shrank from day's embrace away)  
Open—and on the air of night  
Breathe forth their votive fragancy.

Even thus—with woman's holy heart,  
Whose worth no eye e'er measures  
While joys illume, or pleasures dart  
Their smiles round worldly treasures.

But should the night of sorrow close  
On pleasure's day—which rose so clear;  
Should on the brow, where bloom'd the rose,  
The cypress wreath tell of despair:

'Tis then that woman's heart would bloom,  
E'en like this snow-white flower,  
A fragrant balm to soothe our gloom,  
And cheer the bitter'st hour.

*Charleston, Sept. 1, 1835.*

## THE MAID OF THE CASTLE.

FROM THE KNAPSACK OF THOMAS SINGULARITY.

A ROUND of good dinners with the hospitable inhabitants of Edinburgh, and little exercise, were followed by their usual shadow—dyspepsia. I therefore determined on a short rustication before proceeding with a second bundle of introductory letters. From the description of a friend, I was induced to select the village of Bamborough in Northumberland, for my temporary sojourn. I found there, to be sure, pure bracing air and fine sea-bathing, yet for some days I repented of my choice. There were few agreeable promenades, and but little landscape. Even the small grove or garden in the centre of the village was walled in, and kept under lock and key. My only resource was to saunter along the sands or ascend the battlements of the castle. This stately remnant of Anglo-Saxon and Norman times, though it has undergone many reparations, has still been renewed in its original taste. It stands on one of those lofty conical trap-formations that so frequently shoots in Scotland and the north of England, such as the Bass Rock, the Craig of Ailsa and Dumbarton Castle. On the land side was a wide expanse of cultivated, but rather flat scenery, bounded by the blue and distant ‘Cheviot’s mountains lone;’ and seawards were seen the little farne Islands with their Basaltic columns, and farther off Lindisfarne or Holy Island with its magnificent ruins. As in most places in England, they had many things to show to a stranger; a small armoury, a life boat, a well dug through the solid rock some two or three hundred feet, etc. There was, too, a library not badly composed, consisting of a great many old books, but likewise some modern ones of distinguished reputation. It had also a harpsichord of antiquated structure, and a number of portraits, among which I have not forgotten the beautiful one of Lady Crewe.

To pass off my time, I often stepped into the library, perhaps more for company than books. The librarian was a tall, slender girl of about eighteen, pretty and intelligent. Her conduct was a remarkable mixture of ease and modesty. At first sight, she conversed with confiding familiarity, but exhibited, on further acquaintance, a constant propriety, and even timidity. Her dress, though plain almost to coarseness, was arranged with striking neatness, and fitted with an exactness that gave full effect to an uncommonly symmetrical and flexible form. Her complexion was of the pure red and white, so general in the healthy and humid climate of England, the rose perhaps paler than common. Young as she was, the simple manner in which her glossy brown hair was parted on her high forehead, and fell in clusters round her neck, gave her a still more youthful air. To a casual observer, her eyes seemed black, but the effect was owing to the long silken lashes that shaded their pure and deep blue. In my first conversation, her modest attire not awaking much attention, I enquired about various books until I was forcibly struck by the uncommon originality and good sense of one of her remarks. It took me so suddenly that I fixed my eyes intently on the fair speaker. There was something in her steadfast, I might say melan-

choly, gaze, that rivetted me like a spell. She was not at all aware of the effect she had produced on me, but continued her conversation with an intensity that seemed to abstract her from external objects. I could not reconcile her situation with the gentility of her demeanor and cultivation of her intellect. After conversing on different books for some time, during which my mind was thoroughly disturbed, and my behavior of course absent, I took my leave.

On enquiring who was the girl I had met in the library, my landlord Jobson replied, "Oh, 'tis only Emily Glentworth, the miller's daughter."

"The miller's daughter! what has she to do with the library!"

"Why there is a bit of a windmill attached to the castle, but as little is to be made from it, the showing of the castle and the library to strangers is given to him as a perquisite; and so the old man has stuck Emily up in the keep, while he watches the hopper."

"Is she not counted a very beautiful and intelligent girl?"

"Indeed I never heard any one say much about her; but now I think of it, she is pretty enough, and I believe a very good lass into the bargain."

The next day I returned to see more of the miller's daughter. On entering I found her reading; but she immediately closed her book, advanced and gave me her hand as if we had been old acquaintances. From that moment I may say we were friends. I was astonished at the extent of her reading. She appeared to know more or less of nearly every book in the collection, and spoke of them with equal taste and judgment. For two weeks after this I was with her almost every day, during which she exhibited the same sweet confidence, decorum and intelligence. Of the world she was perfectly ignorant; nor did she care much to talk about it. No matter how the conversation began, it invariably ended in literature—Shakspeare, Milton or Byron. Even when one spoke of scenery or life, it was blended with the images of poetry and clothed in its language.

On returning to Edinburgh, I took my leave of Emily, with the promise and really the expectation of speedily returning. I was doomed not to see her again. Two years afterwards I met on the continent a lady from Bambro', who, when I enquired of the lovely librarian, gave me the following history.

"You remember the appearance of Emily Glentworth, when you saw her two years since. My intimacy with her commenced some time after your departure. From her childhood, I had often looked upon her as a pretty girl, and later in life was struck with growing graces. Her parents, however, were poor, and she passed along unnoticed and unknown. Few strangers travelled through the village, but even the little gained from them was an object to poor Glentworth and his wife, to whom the library, as you know, was given as a perquisite. As Emily was small and could do nothing else, the duty of attending and showing the library was assigned to her. Gradually she began to read, in order to amuse the tedious hours. From the age of ten years old her taste for literature became decided, and all her time was devoted to it. Day after day, and month after month the habit had strengthened, until her whole existence was wrapped up in this one occupation, that was now

her business, her pleasure, indeed her only world. Her parents, laboriously employed in their own avocations, attended little to what she did. Besides the rapid improvement of her mind, her manners were also, in a measure, formed by the intercourse of the well-informed strangers that occasionally visited the library, and who, taken by her beauty and intelligence, would often prolong their conversations. She, meanwhile, was entirely unconscious of the attention she attracted, or indeed that she possessed either loveliness or talent to attract. Soon after your departure, a young stranger, Arthur Collingwood, arrived in our village on a visit to his uncle. I saw him several times at the houses of some of my neighbors, and each successive time felt more prepossessed in his favor. He was just grown up, and united the bloom of youth with the dignity of manhood. His form was not large, but moulded with an elegance that imparted grace to every movement. His features were regular, and a pair of large black eyes suited well with his rich raven hair and clear brunette complexion. He had read much, especially poetry, was a good musician and drew admirably. Educated at home and unacquainted with mankind, a degree of timidity almost approaching to downright bashfulness, prevented him from making the figure in society that might have been expected from his noble figure and fine talents. Indeed, it was not until the third or fourth time I saw him that I began to appreciate his merit, although his appearance had pleased me from the first.

"Collingwood, by accident, visited the library, and was delighted with Emily. There was, in fact, a most striking similarity in their tastes and dispositions. Both possessed ardent poetic imaginations and warm and pure hearts. In a second visit he liked her still more, and a kind of intimacy soon sprang up between them. Day after day he would involuntarily stray off to the castle; and day after day his stay in the library was prolonged. They read the same authors together, or discussed their merits together. Soon they ceased to read. For hours they would talk together, walk on the battlements, look out over land and sea, and then look at each other.

"One day Collingwood rushed in hastily with pale and absent looks, his eyes filled with tears, and exclaimed, 'My dear Emily, I am come to bid you adieu. My father is at the point of death, and I must depart immediately.' Without waiting for a reply, he threw his arms round her neck, kissed her fervently, and was gone in a moment.

"Overcome by a sudden tumult of emotions, Emily sank down in a chair, without any fixed thought. She felt as if every thing had passed in a dream. Pale, panting, she in vain tried to collect her thoughts. She remained half stupified, with her head reclining on a table, until suddenly she was aware that night had overtaken her. Slowly, and almost fainting, she tottered to her home. Her parents observed that she was unwell, and anxiously enquired the cause. With difficulty rallying her mind, she mentioned that her head ached, for in truth her brain felt as if bursting. In hopes of obtaining repose she retired to bed early; but she could scarcely be said to sleep. In her broken slumbers she heard the roaring of the ocean and the sighing of the night breeze; but her throbbing pulse sounded more loud than either on her burning tem-

ples. Throughout the whole night, Arthur Collingwood appeared before her. At times she thought she heard him walking in the chamber, and could see him walking through the gloom; but when she would raise up on her elbow and strain her aching sight, she could only discover some dark shadow thrown out across the clear moonshine.

"When morning came she endeavored to look gay, and hurried off to the library. She took down a favorite author and began to read. The page swam indistinctly before her eyes. She tried another book—another and other. It was useless. Poor Emily at last threw them all aside; and utterly exhausted with her feelings, burst into tears. She was most wretched and knew not why. On each successive day she would glide off immediately to the library to escape the notice of her parents, who, though occupied with their own affairs, could not but remark the change in their daughter. She had read much, but she had seen nothing of the world. She had not a friend to confide in—scarcely an acquaintance. From her deep sorrow she began, at length, to examine seriously what was the matter. 'Why,' thought she, 'does this young stranger always cross my mind? Why is he always presented to my remembrance by day and dreams by night?' An idea began to dawn upon her as she recalled the theme of every poem and novel over which she had so fondly hung. She started back with horror. 'Gracious God,' she exclaimed aloud, 'it cannot be! Love!—oh no, oh no!' Something like a sickening certainty rushed over her mind. Worn out by the intensity of her feelings, the strength forsook her limbs, her eyes darkened and she fell senseless on the floor. When she recovered, she attempted to dispel the illusion, and to believe that she was mistaken. Alas! the very attempt proved that her forebodings were but too true. 'What then—would he not return; did he not love her?' It was now for the first time she began to remember—to feel that she was poor, and that Collingwood was born to wealth and rank. For awhile she was sunk in utter despondency, while she listened to the admonitions of reason. But her ardent and unsophisticated feelings soon spoke in a louder and more agreeable voice. After a few inefficient struggles, she looked only to the air-castles deep love so easily erects. She essayed not to dispel them, but would remain for hours in a kind of day-dreaming, with her eyes half closed and a languid smile just marking her lips. Sometimes, indeed, the idea would intrude, 'Did he return her love?' But then she would recall the manner in which he used to gaze on her face and smile in her eyes. She remembered the circumstances of his departure, his expression, 'My dear Emily,' his ardent embrace, his growing kiss. She did not doubt. She did not wish to doubt.

"But time rolled away, and no news came of Arthur, until Emily's brilliant visions could no longer delude, and her heart felt heavy, like a weight of lead. A month had gone by—two months—three, in which she counted every tedious day. He came not, he wrote not. Hope gradually faded away from the sensitive being, and fixed despair assumed its place. 'Why should one of his rank and wealth stoop to a poor miller's daughter, who could only disgrace him!'

"It was at this time," continued the lady, "that I visited the library by chance, and was moved by the pale, wo-begone countenance of the languid girl. Having often before noticed her with peculiar interest, I was

struck, indeed appalled at the rapid change in her sweet face and slender form. Sympathy drew me to her, and her wounded spirit needed sympathy. After but a little solicitation, she told me all; her acquaintance with Arthur, her deep love, her hopeless situation. Often would she sit on the battlements where she had so often sat with Collingwood, and gaze vacantly on the ocean until night would veil the prospect from her view. At other times, stretched on her solitary couch, she would weep for hours. Perhaps her exposure on the battlements to the heavy sea dews had affected her health as well as her corroding feelings, for she began rapidly to waste away, though with her pure complexion it was hardly visible to the casual observer. Hers was a character peculiarly formed. Nursed in a world of poetry and romance, she had swum along amid sunshine and flowers, and never felt the sad realities and vicissitudes of life. All nature had been clothed in the beauties she had culled from the glowing pages of prose and song. The wide spread landscape, the broad expanse of ocean, the distant ruins of Lindisfarne, the tints of morning, the mild radiance of the moon, even the young stranger, were blended with the romance of that shadowy existence in which she had dwelt. Bitter was it to be awakened to real suffering. Perhaps active occupation might, in a measure, have dissipated her reflections; but as she was, they flowed in one unbroken series. I was often tempted to write to Collingwood, but I knew too well the aristocratic pride of his father.

"And Arthur Collingwood, where was he the while? He had departed, as before stated, to attend the couch of a sick father. He found his parent indeed low; but the disease long lingered: during which the miller's daughter often flitted painfully through his memory. His father at length expired; and overwhelmed with grief, Arthur, by the advice of his physician and persuasion of his friends, passed over to the continent. In proportion as time soothed his sorrows, remembrance brought back the deep blue eyes and sweet toned voice of the artless Emily. So vividly did she return to his mind, that he resolved to set out instantly for Bamborough. For what? He was a man of honor and a gentleman. 'Why,' thought he, 'should I hurry so far to see a miller's daughter! never.' He felt ashamed of himself. He tried to plunge into amusement. He went to soirees, balls, theatres, masquerades and concerts. It was all in vain. He was a mere spectator of the gaiety without being a partaker. In the busy throng or in the stillness of the night, one face gazed on him, one voice breathed sweetly on his ear. He recalled Emily Glentworth's very looks, as they used to sit together, and thought, 'have I not won that innocent creature's affections? Am I not a villain to sport with her feelings?' His own feelings became insufferable. He departed for Bamborough.

"Meanwhile Emily's health had continued declining, and she often had fainting fits after exercise. She was still fond of the library, of the battlements, till she became so enfeebled that she could no longer move from home with safety. I requested her parents to let her come and live with me, to which, in their destitute situation, they readily assented. One evening I was with her, trying to keep up her desponding spirits, when my servant informed me that a gentleman wished to speak with me.

As I entered the antechamber, Arthur Collingwood rushed wildly up to me: 'Where is Emily? How is she?' He was but just arrived, and had already learnt at the hotel the situation of the poor girl. I requested him to wait until I could prepare her for his arrival, lest her weakness should be overpowered by the sudden revulsion. When I returned, I broke the news as gently as possible, and begged her to command her feelings. She clasped her hands vehemently, looked up and smiled: 'Thank God, I knew he loved me! Oh yes! I can now be calm. Let him come in.'

"I then introduced him. He sprang forward—she rose; but as they embraced she sank back lifeless on her chair. For a long time we thought the vital spark had fled; and she was slowly brought to life by our unremitting exertions.

"Flattered by hope and the bliss of her feelings, Emily thought, on the succeeding days, that her strength was increasing, and Collingwood partook willingly in the delusion. As he had no one to consult but himself, his arrangements were speedily made. As soon as her health should be a little re-established, their nuptials were to take place; and then they were to go to the more genial climate of Italy. Often would they speak, in all the rapture of youthful enthusiasts, of the pleasure they would enjoy in visiting the beautiful bay of Naples, Venice on her hundred isles, and the once proud mistress of the world, still magnificent in her decay. I saw the futility of their hopes; but so happy were they in the bright schemes they projected that I dared not dispel the charm.

As Emily's malady was rather seated in the entrance of the throat than the lungs, her voice was not affected; but rather acquired, as the never ceasing hectic wore her away, a tone more silvery than usually belongs to humanity. Indeed, with her pure complexion and beautiful color, the diamond clearness of her eye, her delicate frame and musical tones, she seemed like those embodyings of nature's fairest portions, imagined by the painter and the poet in their highest strivings after an ideal.

"From the strength with which Emily still conversed, and even walked, I was far from fearing an immediate dissolution. Collingwood was with us one beautiful and mild summer evening, and was again speaking with enthusiasm of his approaching expedition. Emily scarcely spoke, but listened with a placid smile to his glowing narrative. At intervals we had looked out upon the still blue vault of the skies, with its thousand lights. A pause ensued in the conversation, while every one gazed steadily on one large star shining brilliantly alone. Suddenly the star dipped beneath a dark cloud. Arthur, at that moment, felt a strong convulsive pressure from the hand of Emily, which he held in his own, and looked her eagerly in the face. My attention was also arrested. Emily's eyes were upraised, her lips unclosed, and there was a slight apparent struggle of suffocation. Water was immediately sprinkled on her face, her temples chafed and perfumes employed. But she moved not, breathed not. I applied my hand to her pulse, and instead of regular beating, it vibrated like the loosened chords of a musical instrument. Poor Emily was no more."

## LINES TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. HEMANS.

Thus let my memory be with you, friends!  
 Thus ever think of me!  
 Kindly and gently, but as of one,  
 For whom 'tis well to be fled and gone;  
 As of a bird from a chain unbound,  
 As of a wanderer whose home is found:  
 So let it be.

MRS. HEMANS.

THUS *will* we think of thee!  
 Pure spirit! that didst move,  
 Bound on an angel-mission free,  
 From the blest courts above:  
 Mingling thine ever-tuneful lyre,  
 Of musings high,  
 With Nature's never-ceasing choir,  
 Of earth, sea, sky.—  
 The gushing torrent, and the sunset fair;  
 The earth's bright jewelry, and the peopled air;  
 The ocean's silvery bound;  
 The midnight's calm profound;  
 The shadow-weaving twilight, and the morn,  
*All*, with a pencil dipt in heav'n's own hues, on thy full page are born.

*Kindly and gently?* Thou  
 That like the trusting dove,  
 Mid life's dark tempest waves didst bow,  
 To breathe thy strains of love:  
 Though for thy wearied foot,  
 No place was found,—  
 No plant of deathless root  
 Shed perfume round;—  
 Yet for the faithful service thou hast done,  
 There floats an olive-branch; a green and fadeless one!  
 Emblem of hopes that rise,  
 Beyond earth's broken ties;  
*Token* of hearts that catch a glimpse of heav'n,  
 E'en through grief's dark eclipse, by the clear light thy faith hath given.

Joy! joy! that thou art free!  
 We would not ask thy stay;  
*Thou* that so long hast sought to be,  
 In thine own land away:  
 This earth was far too cold and dim,  
 For soul like thine;  
 No fitting harvest couldst thou win,  
 From love's deep mine;  
 Though we would fain have won thy treasures, *all*,  
*Heav'n call'd its own*;—its own hath heard the call!  
 Joy! joy! that thou art free;  
 Daughter of melody!  
 Tune thy high anthem to an echo meet,  
 The waiting angel hath swept o'er the strings, and found thy lyre complete.

Charleston, S. C.

## PROGRESS OF TEMPERANCE.

—  
NUMBER ONE.  
—

It has been very much the fashion, in speaking of the present age, to describe it as one distinguished chiefly, if not entirely, by its extensive utilitarianism—its labors and successes in those arts which are merely useful and productive, and its almost wholesale indifference to all other objects of pursuit. Were this truly the case, and did we recognize the word ‘utility’ by that narrow sense which is too much its popular acceptance, our era would, indeed, present an anomaly not less in human nature than human affairs, to which no other known period of time could possibly offer a fair parallel. We should now, for the first time, become conscious of an incoherence and want of system in the moral, which is nowhere to be found in the natural world; and should forever feel the suggestion of innumerable doubts, whether the Providence, upon which, in all cases, we are taught so much to rely, had, by its decrees, altogether justified such an extensive confidence in us.

Though something of a proverb among the unthinking, with whom proverbs alone are the current coin, we do not scruple to deny the general or even partial correctness of any such assertion. It is not true that the present is an age solicitous only of those achievements which belong to and are called for by the animal necessities of life. The notion springs from a survey, the most superficial and unprofitable, into the merest externals of society, and is altogether unjust and unreasonable in its estimate of things. We shall go yet farther than this: we doubt the possibility of any progress in the arts and sciences, unmarked and unattended by some corresponding improvement in morals and society. We deny that man may multiply the facilities of travel, enterprize and mental improvement, without gathering from these advantages those higher essentials of character—those enlarged proprieties of conduct, which give an additional loveliness to society, and, while, in many respects, removing the necessities of law and government, increasing the solemnity of their sanctions, and giving to social liberty a security and vitality, in strict proportion with their enlarged influence, though, it may be, diminished exercise. We deny the possession of new empires to the wing of science, unless shared with virtue and morality. We deny prosperity, even in its most worldly sense, to the human family, unless coupled with prosperity in a sense moral and enduring. We deny achievement to human ambition—success to human enterprise—triumph and fame to human endeavor, unless accompanied with widely disseminated and substantial moral benefit to humanity. Utility has *not* been attained, if its results be locked up selfishly in the contracted boundaries of mere pecuniary and temporary advantages. Men are *not* the gainers if their successes bring them no refining virtues—no high affections and desires—no hopes for attainment, having their origin in a spirit, solicitous for human good, and with an eye destined to behold, and forever seeking after, Heaven!

The experience of mankind—the philosophies of every age and nation—the precepts and promises of religion—the dictates of wisdom and

the wise—all confirm and fortify this position; and the proposition becomes one, simply and finally, which refers us, for its sufficient sanction, to the leading object of human life and endeavor—the pursuit of human happiness. With this object, alone, do men gather in society, and form the family of families, which we call ‘the nation.’ With this object, alone, do they make laws, and adopt schemes of common government and benefit—and, with this object, do they find it necessary, at frequent periods, to review the condition of the society thus constituted—to survey its various progress—analyze its elements—arrest its errors, and re-direct it, if erring, into the path designed for and best calculated to secure—not the common wealth, but the common felicity! Unless with this end in view, in vain would philosophy examine the past, and, with the stars for guides and counsellors, endeavor to penetrate the future. In vain would the arts—the handmaids of society—minister to the high and impatient taste of mind and man; still working and inventing, that his rapacious thirst after novelty and enjoyment, may be met and satisfied;—and, all in vain, would the holy offices of religion aim to purify the living and soothe the dying hours of him, whose sole object in life should have been the pursuit of happiness, whether in his human or eternal condition. All achievement, therefore, which is confined in its object, simply to the attainment of wealth or aggrandizement among men, is foreign to the best interests of humanity; and, fortunately for the creature, for whom, in his own spite, she so frequently provides, Providence herself has, it would seem, from all our histories, made it impossible for man to effect any advance in knowledge, without making, at the same time, some corresponding advances in virtue. Thus, with the improvements of the arts of daily life, and the increased capacities of men to provide for and contend successfully with their necessities, liberty, civil and religious, seems always to have maintained an equal and an unrelaxing pace; and the savage habit and the savage man, with an inevitable tendency, dissipate, and have dissipated, before their united advance, even as the dusk and shadows of the night fleet and vanish before the glory and the gladness of the dawn.

So much for the past—so much is written, and to be read, in the chronicles of every nation. Nor is any change now destined to come over ‘the spirit of *our* dream.’ As we have already ventured to assert, the progressive improvement of physics and mechanics—wonderfully onward as it has been—which our era of the world exhibits, has not been unproductive of its wonted results in favor of morals and civilization. Have the achievements of the nineteenth century been, indeed, limited to a perfected knowledge of steam and mechanics? Have we really done nothing more than accelerate our locomotion, and increase our pecuniary resources? Is the capacity to diminish the labor, risk and expense of travel and experiment, all that we have secured from the exercise of those wonderful powers, which the age has won from that active spirit of inquiry and analysis—its most grateful and glorious characteristic? We should blush to answer in the affirmative. We should be sorry to think, in an age of boast, that we had no other memorials—no other triumphs for exhibition—that the mighty conquests of our pride should be found only in the exercise of a power by which our flour, corn and cotton

could be brought in one day, instead of ten, to our market places, and in the discovery of a machine by which our rice could be pounded with a facility and success, which would enable us to enjoy it at a few cents diminished cost in the hundred, and without being greatly incommoded with the gravel in our teeth. They may boast of these achievements who will—they speak well, certainly, for our ingenuity and skill, but present no great material for national gratulation. They are not exactly the trophies for which the ages, that come after, will do us honor:—they are not the achievements for which, in a calm and honest examination of our performances, we are likely, very greatly, to honor ourselves. We have other boasts than these, and, fortunately for our fame and prosperity alike, science can take no step unaccompanied by a moral agency far more powerful and imposing than her own. It is from this moral agency, indeed, that she draws her existence, and gathers her activity and exercise. It is from civilization, and that high and sleepless sentiment of life, which, more than any thing beside, assures us of the soul's immortality, that the arts receive their impulse, and gather their reward;—and the mind and spirit which thus prompt the exercise of every attribute of intellectual humanity, have far higher aims and aspirations, than it is possible to embody in the low desire for the petty gains and partial aggrandizements derivable from a merely commercial and money-making community.

What then are the achievements of our age—of our *day*? Of what may *we* boast to *our* children? Where are the rich possessions we are to leave them? *Where is their inheritance?* Is it in name, in fame, in lands, in silver or in gold? What are our jewels? What are our deeds, and how shall we make them as proud of their fathers, as we have reason to be proud of ours? To what works shall we direct their attention—what are the lessons—what the experience and example, which, left them in sacred trust, are to secure their gratitude and increase their happiness? This is the question upon which true patriotism must always meditate—this is the question awaiting *our* answer now. And we, of this utilitarian era—we, of the present and rapidly passing moment—have we not an answer? Is there no fearless pride—no bold consciousness of right forward and honest intention, well maintained and vigorously worked to fulfilment, ready with its evidence? There is! We would not willingly detract from the deeds and daring of our ancestry—we would not for an instant throw doubt upon, or call in question, that high fame which they won for themselves in securing liberty for their children:—but, have *we* not some memorials, not unworthy of theirs, and of which the future may boast as fearlessly and loud! Were it only in the field of strife and slaughter that desert could claim applause, and glory be acquired, they, perhaps, would have left us but little room for exultation. Happily, however, for the world's peace, not less than the world's glory, true renown needs no such field of enterprize; and one of the well-asserted boasts of the utilitarianism of modern times, in the more extended sense of that word—giving effect, indeed, to its superior pretension in all other respects—is, that war has ceased to be held a necessary consequence of the violation of a national right. The brute resort to blows is no longer considered the true course, whether for the attainment of justice or the

correction of the understanding. The council and the cabinet—the ‘dwarfish demon, Convention,’ as called by my Lord Byron—supersede the *ultimo ratio regum*, in excellent taste, indeed, as the ‘king-days’ are going by;—and, under the guidance of disinterested justice, the contending powers meet on equal grounds, and without arms, for the redress of the suffering or injured party. This, of itself, may be held a prime triumph of our day—highly honorable to the age, with which, almost for the first time in human history, it has become, as a practice, intimately associated. A great triumph it is, and well merits to be dwelt upon. It rids us of a thousand horrors, and terrible occasions for apprehension. The dread of conscription—of a violent separation, perhaps forever, and by a bloody death—from all the ties of kindred and society, is no longer the certain, or even the probable result of international difficulty. A question of boundary is no longer a question of blood; and where the parties themselves are so disposed, the spectators interfere, and the neighboring nations combine for the common object, and keep the peace between them. There is no tremulous fear upon the spirit, when the bugle is heard upon the borders:—there is no more leaves-taking and lamentation from this once most prolific and terrible occasion of both; but recognizing the common good, as the true effect of the popular repose from war and its excitements, the wise of all nations have declared against the brute ambition which grew monstrous in the miseries of humanity.—Men—the mass, the multitude,—yea, the very mob—have learned to regard in their true features, the fierce follies of those,

“From Macedonia’s madman to the Swede,”

illustrious by crime, who, weeping at the want of worlds for conquest, have been invariably overthrown by themselves!

Of the various labors and achievements, however, of the moral world—of the world at large—in the cause of morality—during the present century, it would be a vain, and quite an unnecessary performance, in this place, to speak. The imposing exhibitions made, and hourly making, before our eyes, must, already, sufficiently have informed every mind not wholly insensible to the best interests of society. The developments are quite too numerous, the evidences too tangible and touching, to have altogether escaped any perception;—and, not the least interesting or gratifying among them, are those resulting as well in, as from the general institution of societies for the promotion of temperance throughout the whole christian world. We do not pretend to assert, that to those alone who constitute these societies, the merit of such developments is due. The indication of the popular opinion—the chief object of their formation—may be made, and with excellent effect, at all times without any necessary connexion with such institutions, by leading and influential citizens. The example of the wise and worthy, must always have its due weight with the world at large, nor fail altogether in its influence upon the vile and vulgar, themselves; and in this way public opinion finds its partial expression, without any enrolment of name, or any connexion with a class for the effecting of its purposes. However inadequate to the object in its results, there can be little question, indeed, that public opinion had begun its exercise, long before the formation of any society

for action, upon this subject. How, indeed, could it have been otherwise! How—when boasting, and with sufficient reason, of those stupendous charities which had borne the christian mission to the remotest lands, and linked it with the most foreign languages, could it have refrained from such an exercise? How should it have dared challenge the world's admiration for its triumphs among the heathen, when the moral pestilence was at its own doors—and death, temporal and eternal, was written in legible characters upon every wall! How should it, professing the principles of rational and universal charity, have permitted, without an effort for its arrest, the startling exhibitions of debasement, shame and misery, which drunkenness had generated throughout the land? When told, as we have been recently, by sundry publications,\* that in our own country of scarcely fifteen millions, there were nearly four hundred thousand confirmed drunkards, and as many more rapidly promising to become so, how could we sleep?—how could we repose in a supine and deadly calm, and be true, not merely to those desperate and dissolute, but to our own safety, nor rise into anxious activity, as in a matter of the last, and most vital and not-to-be-questioned necessity? The dreadful inroads made by the foul and fierce invader upon the best and dearest interests of society—the long catalogue of its offences against God and man, alike—the brutality of its exhibitions—the destitution, dishonor and crime, following with loud cries and indecent actions in its train, imperatively called upon the people and the patriotic, for cure and prevention. There was no time to be lost, and the Temperance Societies—however anomalous in their nature, and seemingly at variance with the spirit of social liberty, and considerate hospitality—having for their object the distinct and imposing embodiment of public opinion—were the creatures of the now awakened and terror-stricken society. Assailed as such at first, the Temperance union was not, however, the work of clan or party—of a section or of a nation. It was not the creature of sectarianism—of a church solicitous of proselytes. It was the offspring of humanity—of a dire and devastating necessity. The world at large engaged in the work—not of conversion and the conquest of others, and in other lands, but—of its own reformation. It was at home—in all homes—that the tree of evil—the moral upas, worse than that fabled of Java to the animal man—had taken root and was flourishing in rank luxuriance—whilst its deadly influence, borne by every breath into every dwelling, was doing hourly the work of death among its occupants. Every day, every moment added largely to the number of its victims, till in very despair of the power of numbers, men ceased their computation. Vice and reeling idiocy howled victoriously through street and court and thoroughfare, prostrating public order, and all insensible to public decency. The fireside, the table, the chamber, the hall and the altar, were alike profaned, and a common shame overspread every dwelling in the land. There was scarce a circle in which some, once dear, connexion was not overthrown:—seized, in the hour of his weakness, by the strong tempta-

\* "When the Temperance reformation began," says the third annual report of the New-York Temperance Society, "there were in the nation no less than from 3 to 4,000,000 of drinkers of spirit; and as not less than one in ten of all those among us, who take up the fearful practice of drinking spirit become intemperate, so there were in this nation at that time from 3 to 400,000 drunkards."

tion—bound hand and foot, and delivered over to perish, by slow torture and the vilest degradation, into the polluted and never-shrinking hands of the malignant executioner. Nor did the enemy discriminate in the selection of his victims. It was not the already abandoned—the hopeless, the desperate and desolate, alone, who became his prey. He sought out nobler game, and in their pursuit, scrupled not to enter the court, the church, the senate! He took his victims at the high places, where they had shone as lights and planets to the nations. He tore them from the seats where they had been dispensing justice—he tore them from the solemn councils whence they had swayed the people—he tore them from the very horns of the altar, where they had been administering before God. Nor, simply content with their overthrow, did the pestilence take its prey as other diseases would have taken them. It was not enough that they should be destroyed—that they should perish, and in pain! It made them loathsome in the sight of those, who, otherwise, through almost every other species of trial, would have loved them to the last. It made them leprous with its touch. It covered them with sores, and with a shame, that, shameless in itself, was the very worst of sores, the foulest of leprosies. Having dishonored and degraded them, until they ceased to be sensible to their dishonor and disgrace, it struck them with the final blow, which sent them to their last account—perhaps without reflection or preparation—“unannealed and unanointed,”

“With all their deadly sins upon their heads.”

Hurried from sight—without a word as to the manner of their life or death—unnamed, and if not entirely unwept, at least, wept only in secret—a blank and black spot in the family record, like that of the discredited Doges of Venice, attested not less the power of the fearful enemy, than their own lamentable treason to nature and themselves. Nor, when met by resolution and defiance, did this fierce foe to humanity even then altogether forego its assaults upon the desired victim. It simply changed the mode and manner of its attacks. It put on new habiliments—new attractions—new disguises. It clothed itself in a thousand insidious devices, until it overcame, until it overthrew. Now in the garb of friendship, now in that of society, of conviviality and social enjoyment, it was as persevering as death. It clung to its victim like the vampire, and equally tenacious and gorgeless with that fabled monster, the appetite grew from what it fed on, and never knew satiety. From victim to victim with sleepless haste, and an industry which called for no repose, it continued with unrelaxing progress, until its image—Drunkenness—bloated and bestial—was set up as a God, and innumerable thousands, in every nation, bent down as its worshippers. Never was god more despotic than this! The soul and body, alike, of its victim prostrate, it stimulated to exaggerated excesses, the existence, from which it was hourly sapping all vitality. Nor, was it altogether satisfied with overthrow so utter, so decisive even as this. It distorted, to the eye of its victim, the picture of all human things—while he—

“So perfect in his misery,  
Not once perceives his own disfigurement,  
But boasts himself more comely than before—  
And all his friends and native home forgets  
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.”

It deprived him of all those powers of self-consciousness, through the medium of which, alone, could he perceive his inevitable tendency downward; and in reference to this moral blindness, to him, as Zephon, in the garden, to Satan, whom he at first fails to distinguish,\* we may fitly and sorrowfully exclaim—

“Think not, revolted spirit, thy shape the same,  
Or, undiminished brightness to be known,  
As when thou stoodst in heaven, upright and pure:  
That glory then, when thou no more wast good,  
Departed from thee—thou resemblest now  
Thy sin and place of doom—obscure and foul.”

It filled his mind's eye with fearful images, distorting to his sense the semblance of nature, friendship, affection and society, until he learns to fear, to hate, and finally seeks to destroy them; doing murder and wrong in numberless instances, upon those, firmer and truer than himself—and whom, for this reason, he the more certainly dislikes and detests—who refuse to bow down before that fierce devil to which he has given up his soul. We have not set down with the view to the description of a monster;—and, when we have looked upon the neglected dwelling—the silent and suffering wife—the impoverished, uncleaned and uneducated children, begging or stealing in the streets—when we have seen the tears of affection, the entreaties and the complaints of friendship, all failing of their proper influence upon him—but, received through the media of his degraded intellect, and corrupted heart, and distracted sense, only furnishing so many provocations to his frenzy, shall we wonder, that, with a fiend appetite and brute fury, he overthrows the affections which have sustained—he abuses the hospitality which has sheltered—he destroys the friends who have saved him! What, but crime, can follow such a combination of circumstances and sorrows!

Such was the disease—such the necessity, which, in our country and time, called imperatively for the establishment of the Temperance Societies. The detail, melancholy as it is, which we have placed before the reader, is any thing but exaggerated. There is not one among us, not, in some way, conversant with some such history. The story of some such life, defeated in its aim, defrauded in its promise, is in every recollection. We have all known some individual—some noble youth—strong, as was supposed, in mind and character—true and fearless in opinion—high-minded in association and conduct—fond of the truth, and delighting in its exercise—overthrown, in this manner, by this inveterate destroyer. Yet, how was he overthrown—with how many circumstances of sorrow—how much bitter self-consciousness, from the beginning to the end of his catastrophe! We behold the first efforts of the boy—high-spirited, yet gentle—thoughtless, yet full of thought. We see him, as he emerges from boyhood into the broader ranges of youth—engaging in new efforts and exercises—contending with rival intellects, and often triumphant. Society grows proud of his performances, as they promise to contribute to her own resources. His family is proud of him, as he will secure distinction and a place in history to its name:—the boy himself is something more than proud, when he surveys the lofty memorials which men have

\* Milton—*Paradise Lost.*

built up in doing honor to corresponding intellect with his own. But he is marked out by the destroyer, and those who most love and honor, are the very ones chosen for his destruction. A thousand flatteries and vanities are set upon his path, along with the innumerable fascinations and frivolities of society. Its habits are sedulously acquired, whatever their complexion—its most pernicious forms and customs are adopted with studied attention, as absolutely essential to that general equality of condition—that true communion, which, alone, can put all upon a due and equal footing who venture within its attractive circles. This, the least obnoxious in form—the least likely to startle or offend by its approaches, is the mode of assault most formidable, and most frequently selected by this fierce destroyer;—and when the mind of the victim is overthrown, and the body grovels in the rank wallow, whose filth has ceased to offend—when the high and reaching spirit falls from its ‘pride of place,’ and the ‘mousing owl’ which once dared not follow its flight, learns to hoot above its prostration—the very associations which have ruined, with a certainty almost inevitable, are the first to desert the unhappy object of their own sacrifice. They destroy the fabric, and trample upon and disregard its ruins. They wonder, with a sneer, at the weaknesses of the mind, they were once pleased to worship. They have few sympathies, and offer none. They make no effort for its recovery—they shrink from, and know it not, in its trials; and never seek to analyze the causes of that perilous effect, upon which they sometimes moralize, but seldom truly meditate.

Such as these were the hourly passing shows—the pictures of the day—the ever-present circumstances, which formed a portion, and sometimes no minor portion, of all society and all castes and classes in our land. We were, to employ the strong language of one of the documents before us, ‘a nation of drunkards.’ In a population of twelve millions, it is computed that one in every thirty-two was a drunkard, and the number was hourly on the increase. The different States, according to the journal already referred to, appeared to have vied with one another in the amount of drunkenness, which they could each exhibit in the common estimate, and a further emulation soon rose as to the *respectability* of their representatives in this maudlin assembly. The wise maddened—the virtuous grew sick of virtue.

#### THE JUDGMENT OF THE DEAD.

“AND we found a tradition amongst them, that after death, the body was judged by the dead, and that if its evil deeds preponderated over its good actions, the soul was condemned to wander eternally, and the body to have no rest within its grave.”—*Travels in the West.*

'Tis the midnight hour,  
And the lonely flower  
Opens and blooms in its silent bower,

And the cares of life,  
And its pains and strife,  
Have ceas'd o'er the human heart to lower,  
And slumber hath given the passions rest,  
And hush'd are the griefs of the human breast.

'Tis the midnight's gloom,  
And from grave and tomb,  
The spirits have rush'd to the fearful doom;  
A voice hath gone o'er the bounding waves,  
And waken'd the dead in their hidden caves,  
A sound hath gone o'er the mighty land,  
And its bosom hath op'd at the dire command,  
For a soul from its body hath ta'en its flight,  
And it comes to be judged by the dead to-night.

The maiden hath come from her early tomb,  
With the worm that fatten'd upon her bloom,  
And the babe, that died on its mother's breast,  
When her arms of love were round it prest,  
And the matron, over whose honor'd pall  
The tears of a grateful offspring fall,—  
And he, who in manhood's vigorous prime,  
Fell 'neath the withering blow of crime;  
And the aged father, whose hoary locks  
Grew thinner beneath Time's blighting shocks,  
Till the angel of Death cut the feeble thread,  
And they droop'd in the grave, with the countless dead.

The felon hath come from his bed of shame,  
With him who hath boasted a spotless name,  
And the spirit that fled from the dungeon cell,  
With him, who in battle's wild clamor fell;  
And the wanderer hies from his distant grave,  
And clad in his fetters, Oppression's slave,  
Those fetters that still to the body clung,  
Tho' the soul far away hath their bondage flung;  
And the beggar hath come from his shroudless tomb,  
And the king from the depth of his cell,  
And together they stand in that fearful gloom,  
Upear'd by the sound of that warning knell;  
    And from sea and land, and far and near,  
        See how they hasten in numbers there.

From the depth of the lofty forest's gloom,  
Where the sweet rose is shedding its rich perfume,  
From the barren sands of the ocean's shore,  
Where the wild waves are dashing with angry roar,  
From the midst of the city's busy hum,  
In countless numbers, they come, they come.  
Link'd hand in hand  
Is that ghostly band,  
And o'er the new made grave they stand,  
Not a sign of life is there,  
Not a breath disturbs the air,  
The cricket hath hush'd its chirping sound,  
And the toad hath hied from the haunted ground,  
The bird of night  
Hath ceas'd its flight,  
And hurried away in its wild affright,  
The bat on the wings of haste hath sped,  
And none are there but the countless dead.

O'er the grave  
Where the flowerets wave,  
The spirits are holding their dark conclave;  
The earth hath op'd, and the buried dead  
Stands in the midst of their circle dread,  
For he may not rest in the peaceful tomb  
Till the spirits have utter'd his final doom.

Hath he ta'en from the widow's scanty store,  
Hath he spurn'd from his dwelling the humble poor,  
Hath he turn'd from the faith of his sires of old,  
Or bow'd at the shrine of the idol gold;  
Do his hands bear the mark of the crimson stain,  
That hath flow'd from the stream of his brother's vein;  
Hath he broken the hope of the trusting maid,  
Hath his heart from the vow it hath plighted, stray'd;  
Hath he blacken'd the snow of his neighbor's fame,  
Or covered his grave with the felon's shame?  
Wo to him now, if such deadly sin,  
Be found to have lurk'd in his breast within,  
His spirit shall howl o'er the boundless wave,  
With the damned fiends of the midnight storm,  
And his body shall toss in its sleepless grave,  
And the worm shall shrink from his wasted form,  
And legions of devils shall nightly tread  
O'er the hated grave of the sinful dead.

The spirit hath heard its final doom,  
And its body may rest in its peaceful tomb;  
Away, away thro' the mists of night,  
The spectres are taking their airy flight,  
Down and down thro' the op'ning wave,  
The body hath gone to its slimy grave,  
And the fiends of the deep for its form make room,  
As it sinks to the depths of the cavern's gloom;  
And away hath hurried the cold death-worm,  
That hath made its way in the maiden's form,  
And the babe hath gone to its rest once more,  
And the wanderer fled to the distant shore,  
To sleep again in the lonely grave,  
'Mid the lullaby of the dashing wave,  
And the beggar hath hied to his shroudless tomb,  
And the king hath gone to his gorgeous cell,  
And hush'd is the sound of that awful knell,  
That had summon'd them up to that midnight doom.

And the moonlight ray  
That had shrunk away,  
In the fearful gloom of that wild dismay,  
Glistens again,  
O'er the tranquil plain,  
Sweeter by far than the glare of day;  
And the cricket uplifteth his cheerful voice,  
And the bats at the merry sound rejoice,  
And the birds of night,  
In the pale moonlight,  
Flutter again in its circling flight,  
And the toad hath stole  
From its rocky hole,  
For vanish'd and gone are that spectral train,  
And nature looks lovely and bright again.

*Savannah, (Ga.)*

R. M. C.

## DESCENT OF ÆNEAS TO THE SHADES.

THE ADVANTAGES OF GUIDING THE IMAGINATION BY TOPOGRAPHY IN WORKS OF FICTION,  
ILLUSTRATED BY AN EXAMINATION OF THE SIXTH BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

## NUMBER TWO.

ÆNEAS and the Sybil having now passed through the dark grotto which lies between the lago d'Averno and the vicinity of the Lucrine lake, had issued from the cave into that region which we may now consider as the 'Infernal.'

From the southern aperture of this cavern, there are three roads—one on the left hand leads in a northeast direction to Pozzuoli and Solfatara; with this we have no concern: another, southward of east, leads to the lago Lucrino and the gulf of Pozzuoli, the ocean of the ancients; whilst another nearly south, leads to the lake of Fusaro and Aquamorta, which are not a furlong apart: and not more than a mile from the cavern of Avernus, called still Bagno della Sibilla. This is, then, the only road which leads to a spot whence a view might be had of the two lakes, and therefore is well described in line 295:

Hinc via Tartarei quæ fert Acherontis ad undas  
Turbidus hic cœno vastaque voragine gurges  
Æstuat, atque omnem Cocytus eructat arenam.

Hence to deep Acheron they take their way,  
Whose turbid eddies, thick with ooze and clay,  
Are whirled aloft and in Cocytus lost.

The relative position of the two lakes, neither of which is large, but that of the Acquamorta much the smaller, produce even to-day the same effects that are described. When, by the overflowing of the sea, or any other cause, the lago del Fusaro is overcharged, it pours a flood of turbid water, thick with filth and sand, into the Acquamorta or Cocytus, which is one of the most pestilential little mud holes of this vicinity.

The present road from the Lucrine lake to that of Fusaro leads towards the northern extremity of this latter, and gives no opportunity of seeing both the supposed Acheron and Cocytus from one point. Jorio, however, gives sufficient reasons to shew that the ancient road, which existed in the time of Virgil, had a different direction, and led to a small elevation less than a furlong distant from the southeastern border of the Acheron, whence they are both fully visible, and where Sybil might very properly have said:

323. *Cocytus stagna alta vides, Stygiamque paludem;*

and, indeed, the lake of Fusaro may this day, as well as nineteen centuries ago, be properly called *palus*, as the Acquamorta is most aptly designated by the expression *stagna*.

Upon the borders of the lake of Fusaro, the poet placed those whom he describes as

*Hæc omnis quam cernis inops, inhumataque turba est.*

The ghosts rejected are the unhappy crew  
Deprived of sepulchres and funerals due.

The crowd here is very great, and amongst them is the lost Palinurus, who most pathetically implores to be relieved by having his obsequies performed, and receives the assurance from his former chieftain that a day will come, when the rites shall be paid and his name honorably transmitted to future ages.

At the present day you will easily find a boatman, who, occupying a bark at the spot which our canon believes to be the same that Virgil assigned to Charon, will convey the traveller across: though this ferryman must receive a larger fee than the tariff which Pluto fixed as a sufficient remuneration for the grisly boatman of former centuries. However, all this is perhaps just, because the modern tourist will be treated with more civility, and is certainly more weighty than a ghost.

Having crossed the lake at a place where it is something less than a half mile in width, you land at less than that distance from the sea, and upon soil which this day answers the description given by the poet in line 415:

Tandem trans flumen incolumes vatemque virumque  
Informi limo glancaque exponit in ulva.

His passengers at length are wafted o'er,  
Exposed in muddy weeds upon the miry shore.

Turning to the north from this spot, the lake is on the left hand and the sea within a little more than a furlong on your right, and the high headland of Monte di Procida rises with abrupt rocks before you. But not more than one hundred yards in front of you is the little hill of *Torre della Gaveta*, quite near the shore and the mouth of the stream which communicates between the lago del Fusaro and the sea. Here, in a hill, is a cavern cut by the early Greek settlers to form this communication between the lake and the Mediterranean. It has frequently, however, its channel so choked with sand that it becomes necessary, in the end of the spring, to clear and deepen the passage. In this also, winds and waters frequently make a fitful noise, and this was the fancied abode of Cerberus:

417. Cerberus haec ingens latratu regna trifaci  
Personat adverso recubans immanus in antro.

No sooner landed, in his den they found  
The triple porter of the Stygian sound—  
Grim Cerberus.

Having given to him his sop, and finding him now spread powerless in sleep:

424. Occupat Æneas aditum, custode sepulto  
Evaditque celer ripam irremeabilis undæ.

The keeper charmed the chief without delay,  
Passed on and took the irremeable way.

The stream here may, without any great stretch of imagination, be called ‘not to be repassed’; for it is not by this path our hero returns.

Going forward, the traveller now ascends the hill upon which the tower of Gaveta is built, and as he descends towards the southeast, he enters a valley, which the poet describes in the succeeding lines:

426. Continuo auditæ voces, vagitus et ingens,  
 Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo:  
 Quos dulcis vitæ exsortes, et ab ubere raptos  
 Abstulit atra diss et funære mersit acerbo  
 Hos juxta, falso damnati crimine mortis.  
 Before the gates the cries of babes new born,  
 Whom fate had from their tender mothers torn,  
 Assault his ears: then those whom form of laws  
 Condemned to die when traitors judged their cause.

It would be curious and instructive here to enter upon the examination of the doctrines of the ancient schools, especially that of Plato, concerning the future state; particularly as Virgil throughout his book gives a beautiful exemplification of the opinions of that celebrated philosopher. Having ascertained what those doctrines were, the next step would be to trace their origin; to see the sources whence he derived his information; to find how much of his knowledge he drew from the sacred volumes of the chosen people of God, and from the original traditions given by the patriarchs of the information directly received concerning the other world, from God himself by Adam, by Seth, by Enos, by Noe, by Abraham and others; to view the additions and the changes which Mythology had introduced, and to see what beautiful imagery the mind of the poet spread through the description: but this is not our present object. The valley here is just such as you would consider calculated to fill the helpless babes with terror, and to minister to the pensive feelings of the innocent victim of mistaken justice.

Jorio informs us, to sustain the accuracy of his remarks, that if you inquire of the peasants who inhabit Monte di Procida, and particularly that part called Case Vecchie, marked by the ruins of Roman buildings, and inquire of them where is the road *de lo'nyfierno*, they will bring you by the road to the descent on the side of this outlet of Fusaro, by the winding paths going down from crag to crag—they will lead you to the entrance of this valley, and thence through it, by the very way which I am about to describe.

He places, after describing the tribunal of Minos, the unfortunate suicides in the next location on the southern side of the *Acqua Morta* or *Cocytus*. We have then the description:

440. Nec procul hinc partem fusi monstrantur in omnem  
 Lugentes campi: sic illos nomine dicunt  
 Hic quos durus amor crudeli tabe peredit  
 Secreti celant calles, et myrtea circum  
 Sylva tegit: curæ non ipsa in morte relinquunt.  
 Not far from thence the mournful fields appear,  
 So called from lovers that inhabit there;  
 The souls whom that unhappy flame invades,  
 In secret solitude and myrtle shades  
 Make endless moans, and pining with desire  
 Lament, too late, the unextinguished fire.

After describing a number of the unhappy victims who dwell in this dismal region, Æneas is brought to meet the wretched Dido, who treats him with fixed dislike and deserved scorn. These plains stretch forward better than a furlong a little south of east from the *Acqua Morta*, and the canon brings to our view the mythological statement that the waters

of the Cocytus were increased by the tears of unfortunate lovers, which adds to the evidence of the poet's precision, and to the probability of the canon's opinion.

In the last stage of this region he places the warriors, and takes occasion to describe several of those famed for prowess in the Trojan war, and to introduce the beautiful but concise history of Deiphobus, with its instructive moral.

We now come to a spot which the poet thus describes:

540. *Hic locus est, partes ubi se via findit in ambas.*

*Dextera, quæ Ditis magni sub mœnia tendit:  
Hac iter Elysium nobis: at lœva malorum  
Exercet pœnas et ad impia Tartara mittit.*

'Tis here in different paths the way divides,  
The right to Pluto's golden palace guides,  
The left to that unhappy region tends  
Which to the depth of Tartarus descends,  
The seat of night profound and punished fiends.

This spot is little more than half a mile from the *Acqua Morta*, and at present the road divides: on your left, advancing in the way which leads from the supposed cave of Cerberus; when you come to this division, you see a region which is fitted to suggest the idea given of Tartarus, by the poet; and keeping the line to your right, you would arrive at those regions that he calls Elysium. To the left is a region bounded on the west by the Acherusian lake and the muddy and pestilential Cocytus, while the sterile region leading to the dens of beasts stretches on before you. Several critics have ridiculed the notion that there could have been in this wild and deserted spot any thing to suggest to Virgil the existence of the city of the damned, such as he describes in this sixth book. But suppose there was nothing which bore an actual resemblance to the place described, still it is properly urged, that at least this much latitude should be fairly allowed to the bard, that he might place an imaginary city upon the spot. Yet we will not content ourselves with this answer. It can be easily shown that in this region are to be found many of the materials from which such a city could be constructed, and that there was in former days a city upon the very site. Let us, however, look at the description:

548. *Respicit Æneas subito: et sub rupe sinistra*

*Mœnia lata videt, triplici circumdâta muro:  
Quæ rapidus flammis ambit torrentibus amnis  
Tartareus Phlegethon torquetque sonantia saxa.*

The hero looking to the left espied  
A lofty tower, and strong on every side  
With treble walls, which Phlegethon surrounds,  
Whose fiery flood the burning empire bounds,  
And pressed betwixt the rocks, the bellowing noise resounds.

In the first place, this whole region is in a great measure volcanic: and not only here, but at the other side of the bay of Pozzuoli, the evidences of it are abundant. In this very spot are the craters of two scarcely extinct, though small, volcanoes. No very great stretch of imagination is required to view in their flood of burning lava, the fiery stream of

Phlegethon, either roaring as it rushes between rocks, or as it bears them along tumbling in its torrent, creating an appalling noise. The peasants will this day point out what they call *Fumarole*, very distinct tokens of subterraneous fires to the west of the *Scaladrone*, on the very site of this city of the damned, as described by the poet. Homer informs us that the Phlegethon is discharged into the Acheron and the Cocytus. Virgil was a close student of Homer, and his Phlegethon would naturally flow from this site into the lago del Fusaro and the Acqua Morta. These volcanoes were probably much more active in the time of Virgil than we find them to-day. Thus the fiery stream was a natural suggestion.

The walls of the city of Misenum presented themselves here also to the observation of the poet. Even to-day you will find scarcely a space of three hundred yards without the ruins of some ancient Roman structure, some of them of considerable extent, many of them covered with strata of volcanic matter: you will find several caves, and Greek and Roman sepulchres, so that there was sufficient occasion to lead the imagination to a subterraneous fiery prison, the entrance to which was in a citadel surrounded by a flaming river. This was the Tartarean region, or the Hell, of the poet, which was exhibited to his hero, but into which he did not enter. The fortress was impregnable, and from it issued the cries of the tortured. His guide informed him of the mode of judgment and the dire infliction of vengeance: and the hero saw the gates open so as to enable him to describe the terrific disclosures that were thus made, and to convey the detail to those who had not been privileged as he was.

577. —————— tum Tartarus ipse  
 Bis patet in præceps tantum, tenditque sub umbras,  
 Quantus ad æthereum cœli suspectus olympum.  
 Hic genus antiquum terræ, Titania pubes,  
 Fulmine dejecti, fundo volvuntur in imo.  
 The gaping gulph low to the centre lies,  
 And twice as deep as earth is distant from the skies,  
 The rivals of the Gods, the Titan race  
 Here sing'd with lightning roll within the unfathom'd space.

### TAMING THE WILD HORSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'GUY RIVERS,' 'THE YEMASSEE,' ETC.

HE stood upon the desert—his broad chest,  
 With an upheaving consciousness of might,  
 Expanding, as his eye hath caught afar  
 An unknown presence. In his glance there shone  
 More than the jewel's beauty—all its fire  
 Speaking the kindling life, which, as he flew,  
 Light bounding o'er the prairie, imaged well  
 The rush of a strong wing and fearless heart.  
 He stands again, breasting the rising fleece,  
 That gathers with the sunset on yon hill—  
 He stands, a moment—then he bursts away

As revelling in his freedom, What, if Art,  
 That strikes soul into marble, could but seize  
 That agony of action,—could impress  
 Its muscular fulness, with its winged haste,  
 Upon the resisting rock, while Wonder stares,  
 And Admiration worships? There,—away—  
 As glorying in that mighty wilderness,  
 And conscious of the gazing stars o'erhead,  
 Quiver for flight, his sleek and slender limbs,  
 Elastic, springing into headlong force,  
 While his smooth neck, curved loftily to arch,  
 Dignifies flight, and to its speed imparts  
 The majesty, not else its attribute.  
 And now he sweeps, circling, the flow'ry plain,  
 As if 'twere his, gathering, imperious, up  
 His limbs unwearied by their sportive play,  
 Until he stands, an idol of the sight.

He looks, and trembles! The warm life is gone•  
 That gave him action. Wherefore is it thus?  
 His eye hath lost its lustre, though it still  
 Sends forth a glance of consciousness and care,  
 To a deep agony of acuteness wrought,  
 And straining at a point—a narrow point  
 That rises, but a speck upon the verge  
 Of the horizon. Sure the humblest life,  
 Hath, in God's providence, some gracious guides,  
 That warn it of its foe. The danger there,  
 His instinct teaches, and with a vague dread,  
 No more solicitous of graceful flight,  
 He bounds across the plain—he speeds away,  
 Into the tameless wilderness afar,  
 To 'scape his bondage. Yet, in vain his flight,  
 Vain his fleet limbs, his desperate aim, his leap  
 Through the close thicket, through the festering swamp,  
 The rushing waters. His proud neck must bend  
 Beneath a halter, and the iron parts  
 And tears his delicate mouth. The brave steed  
 Late bounding in his freedom's consciousness,  
 The leader of the wild, unreach'd of all,  
 Wears gaudy trappings, and becomes a slave.

He bears a master on his shrinking back,  
 He feels a rowel in his bleeding flanks,  
 And his arch'd neck, beneath the biting thong  
 Burns while he bounds away—all desperate—  
 Across the desert, mad with the vain desire  
 To shake his burden off. He writhes, he turns  
 On his oppressor. He would rend the foe  
 Who subtle, with less strength, hath taken him thus,  
 At foul advantage—but he strives in vain.  
 A sudden pang—a newer form of pain,  
 Baffles, and bears him on—he feels his fate,  
 And with a shriek of agony, which tells  
 Loudly the terrors of his new estate,  
 He makes the desert, his own desert, ring  
 With the wild clamors of his newborn grief.  
 One fruitless effort more—one desperate bound,  
 For the old freedom of his natural life,  
 And then he humbles to his cruel lot,  
 Submits, and finds his conqueror in man!

## SKETCHES OF INDIAN CHARACTER.

---

NUMBER ONE.

---

IT is now sixteen years since the writer left Charleston on an excursion of *recreation* in the then *wilderness* of the South-West. Some of your readers will doubtless smile at the idea of such an expedition, but the truth is, I was born and brought up in the country, and though it has been my lot to pass my life amidst 'the busy haunts of men,' sedulously engaged in the active pursuits of business—my heart has never ceased to yearn after the simple pleasures of a country life. Whether it be the effect of early habits, or of a romantic disposition—whatever may be the cause—certain it is, that throughout the whole course of a long, active and laborious life, I have never lost my early relish for retirement. I can truly say of such pleasures, what the poet of sentiment and feeling so beautifully expresses, though in another sense,

"My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee."

The beauties of nature have at all times possessed for me an indescribable charm. Not that I am fond of analyzing the various parts that make up the picture. Minute descriptions of rural scenery do not interest me deeply, and the course of my studies, as well as the business habits of my life, have shut me out from the exquisite satisfaction, which must surely be derived, by every lover of nature, from a minute acquaintance with Natural History, Chemistry and Botany—sciences, a thorough knowledge of which, the late Stephen Elliott used to say, "could beguile the most tedious journey, and strew the path of life with flowers." I mention these things merely to account, for what might otherwise be considered so *unaccountable*, that any man should voluntarily give up the comforts of a city life, to seek recreation in a wilderness. I will confess, however, that a desire to survey the *broad lands of Alabama*, the *El Dorado* which was then opening golden visions to the longing eyes of our enterprising countrymen—an almost irresistible inclination too, to see, and become personally acquainted with, that hardy race of men THE PIONEERS of the wilderness—who, hovering on the borders of civilization, present in their character a rare combination of the vices as well as the virtues of civilized and savage life—but above all, an earnest wish to visit some of the INDIAN TRIBES, with a view to judge for myself, as to the true character and actual condition of that wonderful people, of whom in a few brief years nothing will be remembered, but that they *once were*—all these had their influence in inducing me to undertake a journey, a few of the incidents of which I now propose to recal.

Escaping from the duties of a laborious profession, and casting care behind my back, I commenced my pilgrimage under a burning sun, in the latter part of July, and leaving Charleston, bent my way towards Augusta. It took me four days, not idly spent, to reach that city, then, as now, the abode of as many warm hearts and liberal minds, as are to be found in any part of the world. There were no rail roads then, and

the man would have been pronounced an idle dreamer who had ventured to predict that the time would ever come when a traveller who had breakfasted in Charleston, should (as I have myself done) take his tea in Augusta, on the same day, cheered by the beams of the setting sun. It is not my purpose, however, to give our readers merely a personal narrative, nor to dwell on the every day scenes of domestic and social life, which render a tour through the Southern States so interesting and delightful to every traveller of liberal sentiments and refined feelings. My present business is with the *wilderness*—the red men of the forest, and the border race. Even of these, however, my sketches must necessarily be few and imperfect. With all the feelings of a school boy, who has escaped from the smoke of the city, and the dull monotony of his daily task, to sport in the green fields, animated by the recollections of his childhood, or, (to borrow the eloquent thought of John Randolph of Roanoke) “with the feelings of a man who retires from the cares of business and the bustle of the world, to muse on the beauties of nature beneath the shade of his patrimonial oaks”—did I plunge into the very depths of the forest, to luxuriate in pleasures of which a man born and brought up wholly in a city, cannot form even a conception. It is needless to say, that in such a frame of mind, I carried no sketch book, and took no notes. The very slight sketches therefore which I propose to give, and the anecdotes I am about to relate, it must be borne in mind by my readers, are drawn entirely from the stores of my very imperfect memory—and if they offer little of novelty, and are without startling incidents, I trust they will not be wholly uninteresting, especially, when it is remembered, that I do not propose, like many travellers, “to draw on my imagination for my facts,” but to give a simple history of events as they occurred, and a delineation of characters as they fell under my own observation, no further colored than may be necessary to fill up the picture.

Passing rapidly through Georgia, we (for I had as a travelling companion a gentleman of fine sense and many accomplishments, who, like myself, was in pursuit of health and pleasure, recreation and instruction) we reached the country inhabited by the Creek Indians, then indiscriminately called the “Nation”—“the Creek Country”—and “the wilderness.” A journey at that time from Fort Hawkins in Georgia, to Alabama, through the Creek Country, was deemed no inconsiderable undertaking, though it is now, I am informed, easily accomplished by the aid of a line of excellent four horse stages, in a day or two;—admirable accommodations being afforded by well kept public houses, stationed at convenient distances along the road;—nor since the celebrated adventure of HERR CLINE, who was forcibly arrested by a body of Indians, and if not actually robbed and murdered, was, I think, indebted in some way or other to *his art* for his safety—has any interruption been experienced by peaceable travellers. It was otherwise at the period of which I am writing. Travellers were then constantly interrupted, robberies were not unfrequent, and murders were sometimes committed. These were always charged upon the Indians, but I was induced to believe, that not unfrequently, desperate criminals escaping from our penitentiaries, or otherwise fleeing from justice, sought refuge among the Indians, and continued there to practice with impunity the crimes which

had driven them from civilized society. But however this may be, a journey through the Creek Country at that time, was regarded as a pretty serious business. There was not a public house, except THE AGENCY, where either accommodations or provisions could be procured. Indeed, there was not a single house of any description any where to be seen—and as the Indian *villages*—(and the Indians always live in villages, in this trait of their character rather resembling the French peasantry as we see them in Canada, than our American borderers—with whom it is a maxim ‘not to live within the hearing of the barking of a neighbor’s dog,’) are far removed from the public highway, it was impossible for the traveller to derive his supplies from that source. I do not remember, in the whole course of my journey, to have met with but a single Indian on the road who offered any thing for sale, and he presented a small watermelon for which he asked the exorbitant price of half a dollar. A traveller who had casually fallen in with us at the time, advised us to take it from him, and to give him half price; and to induce us to do so, told us an anecdote, of his having the day before treated an Indian in that manner, and silenced his complaints with his horsewhip. This example however we felt no inclination to follow, and when we understood that the poor fellow had actually travelled thirty miles to find a market for this, perhaps the only product of his wretched garden, we paid him his full price, greatly to the dissatisfaction of our fellow-traveller, who openly reproached us with having violated that section of the *border code* which declares, “that in dealing with Indians we must always *fix our own price*, and take care *never to give too much.*”

While relating this anecdote, I will tell another, illustrative of the treatment which the Indians at that time habitually received at the hands of the whites. Coming to a rapid stream, which, with every fall of rain is so swollen as to be, for a short time, too deep to be forded, we found, to our surprise, that a rude bridge, evidently of Indian construction, had been thrown over it—a convenience to the traveller, which we observed no where else in the Indian country. Inquiring of our companion the history of this bridge, he informed us, that it had been built by the Indians, who had been in the habit of exacting a trifling toll from those who found it necessary, when the streams were up, to pass over it; but that the emigrants had by common consent refused to pay the toll, and that the Indians charged with the duty of collecting it having been *beaten off*, it was now a *free bridge*.

I select these two incidents, out of many others with which I became acquainted, to show, that if there have sometimes been just cause of complaint against the violent conduct of the Indians, they are not altogether without excuse. Indeed, I was surprised to see, in how arbitrary and dictatorial a manner the white borderers lorded it over the Indians. An Indian—at least out of his own village—never thought of resisting a white man. On the highway, unless under the influence of liquor, they made no resistance, even when beaten without a cause. In this respect, I could perceive no difference between the Indians and the negroes. They would both receive the whip, from a passing traveller, without seeming even to feel the degradation; and if such treatment was ever revenged, it was in the Indian fashion—by waylaying the adversary,

and making him the victim of an unseen hand. I am sorry to be compelled to raise so much of the veil of romance, with which our modern novelists have covered the Indian character. But I state facts; and will add, that on visiting, afterwards, the Catawba tribe of Indians in Lancaster district, in our own State, I found that this indifference to outrages upon their persons had long existed among them.

I do not know that the attempt was ever made by any white man, to illtreat an Indian, especially a chief, in an Indian village, or when surrounded by their own people; but when wandering abroad, in the open day, and out of the shelter of their forests, they always seem to me to be in the condition of animals cut off from a resort to their *instincts* for protection. Losing all confidence in their own resources, and feeling themselves defenceless, they at once become humble and powerless. That their character has undergone some change in this respect, cannot be doubted. But I have been assured by an officer, who has several times been engaged in battles with the Indians, (and among them, some of the fiercest and most uncontaminated tribes of the Northwest), that when driven from their fastnesses and brought into the open plain, however superior their numbers, they at once cease to resist—nay, I have been assured that a single horseman seen on a neighboring hill has put them to flight. An Indian, from whom an explanation of this fact was asked, merely replied '*de horse run.*' Black Hawk himself, whose exploits gave him, for a season, a reputation, as a hero, second only to that of Gen. Jackson (with whom, indeed, he fairly divided the public homage, when carried on a visit to New-York), became crestfallen and spiritless the moment he emerged from his native forests.

But to return to my journey. Having laid in, on the borders, our supplies of provisions, including corn for our horses (which I well remember cost us three dollars a bushel—a fact worthy to be recorded), and having provided ourselves with a tent, to the use of which I had, during the late war, become somewhat accustomed, armed with a fowling piece and pair of double-barrel pistols, we marched boldly into the wilderness. It was, I think, about midday of our second day's journey—an hour at which it was our habit to lay by for a couple of hours, to refresh our jaded horses, and to cook our dinner, consisting of cold ham and bread, with a pair of broiled doves or partridges, which we were sportsmen enough generally to pick up on the way, washed down with a glass of wine, and when our wine was exhausted, a little brandy and water—that we had taken our seat at the foot of a tall oak, while a transparent stream dashed by our feet, that an incident occurred which occasioned some little excitement at the time, and which I will here relate, although not otherwise perhaps worthy of being recorded, as affording some insight into Indian character and manners. We were distant at least thirty miles from any residence whatever, a small Indian village on the Chattahouchie being the nearest known settlement. I had not seen a human face the whole day, except that of my friend, and the Carolina negro who accompanied us, and who was our hostler, butler, cook and body servant, and withal a *character* in his way, as worthy to be studied and described as any negro that has been immortalized in the pages of Cooper or our own Simms. While gazing with extreme

intent upon the noble scenery by which we were surrounded, and, I grieve to add, ever and anon betraying the weakness of the flesh, by impatient glances at the culinary preparations of old Juba, which seemed to us to be characterised, by even more than his usual bustle and importance, that our attention was suddenly aroused by cries, of a character which defies all description. They seemed to proceed from a thick wood some short distance up the stream, and were heard only at intervals. But whether they were the notes of distress, the exclamations of despair, or of pleasure;—whether they were the cries of beasts, of men, or of devils, we were utterly unable even to conjecture. It has since seemed to me, that the height of the banks of the stream whence these sounds proceeded, and the dark deep swamp by which the spot was surrounded, might have so swelled the echoes, as to give to our minds an exaggerated impression of the sounds which fell upon our ears. We supposed the noise might proceed from wild cats or wolves; but the old negro insisted, that it was a combat among the panthers over a wounded deer. Adventurers as we were, however, it was not to be thought of, that this mystery should be left unexplored. If we were not, like Don Quixotte, actually seeking for distressed damsels, to be delivered—yet *adventures*, of all kinds, seemed to fall fairly enough within the scope of our enterprise. We immediately therefore called a council of war, and the plan of the campaign was speedily arranged. Old Juba, to whom we gave one of the pistols (which seemed to afford him great consolation, though he certainly would not have known how to use it, on any emergency), was left as a rear guard, for the protection of the horses, baggage and camp equipage, and above all *the provisions*, with a strict charge on no account—to *let the fire go out*; I myself constituted the advance, armed with the fowling-piece, well charged with buckshot; while my friend, with the other pistol, formed a *corps-de-reserve*. Every thing being thus settled to our mutual satisfaction, I proceeded cautiously along the banks of the little stream, which was overshadowed by lofty trees, and tangled with underbrush—as most of our Southern streams are—towards the point whence these strange sounds proceeded. Having been a hunter, in my youth, somewhat skilled in *forest-craft*, which a quarter of a century ago was deemed an indispensable accomplishment of the sons of every low country planter, I was not ignorant of the stratagems necessary to cover my approach, towards a spot where game was expected to be found. Advancing always under cover of the shrubbery—at first erect, then stooping the body lower and lower, so as to form with the legs an angle, first obtuse, then a right, and then an acute angle, until the face is brought within a few inches of the ground, with the shoulders rounded into the form of the hump on the back of the buffalo—I finally sank down upon my hands and knees, and thus cautiously and slowly approached the desired spot. Immediately before me was a projecting bank, around which the current swept, forming above an extensive basin, which, from this point, was fairly overlooked. In the midst of a clump of low bushes, by which this spot was covered, stood an old black stump, from which extended the trunk of a fallen pine, the remains of one of those lords of the forest, which had fallen beneath the blast, like the mighty ones of the

earth before the irresistible fury of those political elements, which has changed, and is still changing, the face of the world. For years, had the wandering savage built his rude hut of the bark of this noble tree, and cooked his game at the fire afforded by its decaying branches. Nothing now remained but its weather-beaten and blackened trunk. Keeping this as a breastwork, I crept on in silence to gain a shelter, from whence I expected to be able *to see without being seen*, intending, like every good partisan, to be then governed by circumstances. Having nearly reached the desired point, I deposited my hat upon the ground, examined the priming (percussion caps had not then been invented), and sinking down fairly upon my stomach, dragged myself along, in the manner practised by riflemen, engaged in surprising an enemy's sentinel at the outpost, or what may imply still greater caution, like some old 'leather stocking' of our pine barrens, attempting to surprise an old buck at sunrise, on a cold December morning, while his antlers are high in the air, and he is *snuffing the approach of danger*. At length I reached the barrier, and prepared for the onset. I will confess, however, that, in creeping over the last hundred yards, my heart had begun to misgive me. Notwithstanding the deceiving sounds, greatly magnified doubtless by the echoes of the swamp, and the deathlike stillness of the surrounding forest, I began to suspect, that the strange noises which saluted my ears, resembled neither the bleating of deer, the barking of wolves, nor the caterwauling of wild cats; but had rather some faint resemblance to the sound of human voices, strangely harsh and unnatural, it is true, but still not so much so, as entirely to banish the suspicion that they might proceed from such a source. I thought I could catch the cry of anger and indignation; then the voice of complaint; and, ever and anon, the joyous outbreak of revelry and laughter, strangely varied, however, from the coarse guttural of authority, down to the 'childish treble' of sportive infancy. At one moment I supposed the noise was not unlike those Babel sounds, which issue from a bevy of school boys, dashing (as we used to do sixty years since) into Cannon's millpond on a warm evening in July, to the great scandal of the town, frightening the horses, and making the welkin ring with their outcries.

On the whole, however, I rather thought that the sounds were exactly such as might proceed from a congregation of the Rev. Mr. Irving's, transplanted to the wilderness, and all holding forth in their 'unknown tongue.' But what could bring *them* into the Creek country, or indeed any one else, except an Indian hunter in pursuit of game?—and it was certain there was no hunter here. Resolved to unravel the mystery, I passed the muzzle of the gun carefully over the log, and putting the butt to my shoulder, cautiously raised my head so as just to bring my eyes to the level of the upper part of the log. In an instant, in the twinkling of an eye, I became visible to the astonished group whom I had thus surprised; consisting of an Indian squaw and some half a dozen naked urchins, who were sporting in the stream. In a moment all was hushed. With the quickness of thought they scampered up the bank, and catching up their garments, bounded with the velocity of affrighted deer into the forest, and disappeared. Not a word was uttered, not a cry of surprise or alarm escaped their lips, and so quickly did the whole

party vanish, that the scene passed before my eyes like enchantment. I have often thought of the terrible tale which these simple children of the forest probably told, on their return home, of the white giant, armed with a huge rifle, who surprised, and would doubtless have murdered, scalped, and eaten them, but for the interposition of the Great Spirit; and it is not improbable that some sixty years hence, a traveller among the scattered remnant of the Creek tribe, *west of the Mississippi*, may find among its traditions the account of an Ogre, with great red eyes; a river demon, who haunts the streams of their 'father land,' frightening the women, and devouring the children. Heathen mythology has admitted river gods on less foundation: for I am free to confess, that my proceedings were very suspicious, and my manner of approach not at all calculated to present me in a friendly light, to the naked and defenceless beings, upon whose privacy I had intruded.

We not unfrequently came across, afterwards, small parties, composed of women and children, wandering in the woods, far from their homes; and we were told that it was their custom in the summer season, before the green corn feast; when, being *usually destitute of food*, they sought a precarious subsistence from the *berries* which are then found in the woods. Indians are seldom met alone, they even 'hunt in couples'—but the squaws are sufficiently independent to wander about in the forest for weeks together, attended only by their children, with not unfrequently an infant *at the back*. In the whole course of my travels, I do not remember to have met an Indian man or woman entirely alone. After this adventure, we returned to our *bivouac*, laughing over our disappointment; and dinner being soon served up upon a pine log, we fell to, with a glorious appetite, such as travellers in a wilderness can alone feel; and our taste for Indian adventures being whetted by the incident which I have related, we resolved at once to make a detour to the Indian village (called, I think, *Tallassee*) at the falls of the Tallapoosa, the known residence of the **BIG WARRIOR**, the celebrated king of the Upper Creeks.

Should the readers of this Journal take any interest in our travels, we shall invite them to accompany us, on our visit to this mighty chief, when we promise to give them some insight into the domestic economy, and political institutions of the Indians, as they existed sixteen years ago.

A TRAVELLER.

#### ACROSTIC ON 'LOVE,'

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK PAGE OF A BIBLE PRESENTED TO A YOUNG LADY.

LIKE the truths each page discloses,  
Or the sweets of fragrant roses  
Vernal suns to Spring as true,  
Each heartfelt throb beats but for you.

W.

## LITERARY COINCIDENCES.

MR. EDITOR,—Permit me to supply an omission in my former coincidences. To Pope's 'Scribblers':

"Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep,"  
there is a parallel in Voltaire's description of a creature of the same breed:  
"Qui nous lassait, sans jamais se lasser."

Between these two, there is a further resemblance, in another place. The Frenchman writes,

"Je ne fais moine, ou gris, ou blanc, ou noir  
Rasé barbu chaussé, dechaux, n'importe."

In the Dunciad, the Arch-Poet, among the impending glories of the sway of Dulness, sees the whole land blackened by an army of fanatics:

"Behold yon isle, by palmers, pilgrims trod;  
Men bearded, bald, cowld, uncowl'd, shod, unshod;  
Peel'd, patch'd and pie-bald; linsey-woolsey brothers;  
Grave mummers! sleeveless some, and shirtless others."

The following madrigal of De la Sabliere seems clearly the original of Goldsmith's 'Mira':

"Eglé tremble, que, dans ce jour,  
L'Hymen, plus puissant que l'Amour,  
N'encleve ses trésors, sans qu'elle ose sans plaindre—  
Elle a négligé mes avis;  
Si la belle les eût suivis,  
Elle n'auroit plus rien à craindre."

"Weeping, murmuring, complaining,  
Lost to every gay delight,  
Mira, too sincere for feigning,  
Shuns th' approaching bridal night.  
Yet why impair thy bright perfection,  
Or dim thy beauties with a tear?  
Had Mira follow'd my direction,  
She long had wanted cause to fear."

The same graceful poet appears, in English, as in some sort the inventor of a pleasant species of grotesque in verse. Yet that his elegies 'On a Mad Dog,' and 'On Madame Blaise,' are obviously derived from the very old French song of 'Le fameux la Galisse,' (which may be found in the *Menagiana*,) a verse or two, out of the account of this heroic personage, will sufficiently show:

"Il épousa, ce dit on,  
Une vertueuse dame.  
S'il avoit vécu garçon,  
Il n'auroit point eu de femme.  
Il en fut toujours chéri;  
Elle n'étoit point jalouse:  
Si tôt qu'il fut son mari,  
Elle devint son épouse.  
Il passa près de huit ans,  
Avec elle, fort à l'aise;

En eut jusqu'à huit enfans;  
C'étoit la moitié de seiza.

The following four quatrains, however, will be seen to be identical with as many others, in Madame Blaise:

"On dit que, dans ses amours,  
Il fut caressé des belles,  
Qui le suivirant toujours,  
Tant qu'il marcha devant elles.  
On ne le vit jamais las,  
Ni sujet à la paresse.  
Tandis qu'il ne dormoit pas,  
On tient qu'il veilloit sans cesse,  
Il fut, par un triste sort,  
Blessé d'une main cruelle:  
On croit, puis qu'il eu est mort,  
Que la plaie étoit mortelle.  
Regretté de ses soldats,  
Il mourut, digne d'envie;  
Et le jour de son trépas  
Fut le dernier de sa vie.

"Her love was sought, I do aver,  
By twenty beaux and more:  
The King himself hath followed her,  
When she had gone before.  
At church in silks and satins new,  
And hoop of monstrous size,  
She never slumbered in her pew,  
But when she shut her eyes.  
But now, her wealth and splendor fled,  
Her hangers-on cut short all,  
The doctors found, when she was dead,  
Her last disorder, mortal.  
Let us lament in sorrow sore;  
For Kent-street well may say,  
That, had she lived a twelve-month more,  
She had not died to-day."

I cannot but think a yet more famous oddity—the echo-verses in Hudibras—derived, in like manner, from a madrigal of Bellay; who preceded Butler by about one hundred years. It is a dialogue between a forlorn lover and the 'daughter of the voice':

"Piteuse echo, qui erres en ce bois, Reponds au son de ma triste voix! D'où ai-je pu ce grand mal concevoir? Qui est l'auteur des tous ces maux advenus? Comment en sont tous mes sens devenus? Qu'étois-je, avant d'entrer en ce passage? Et maintenant que sens-je en mon courage? Qu'est-ce qu'aimer et s'en plaindre souvent? Que suis-je, donc, lorsque le cœur m'en fend? Quelle est la fin de prison si obscure? Sent-elle point la douleur qui me poinct?	(echo) De voir. Venus. Nue. Sage. Rage. Vent. Enfant. Cure. Point.
---	--

We are assured by Mr. Dallas, that the following lines (in the Giaour) were composed by Lord Byron in his sleep. If so, it is clear that a passage in Boswell's Johnson, must have mingled in his dream:

"The mind, that broods o'er guilty woes,  
Is like the Scorpion girt by fire:  
In circle, narrowing as it glows,  
The flames around their captive close,  
Till, inly scorched by thousand throes,  
And maddening in her ire,  
One sad and sole relief she knows—  
The sting she nourished for her foes,  
Whose venom never yet was vain,  
Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,  
And darts into her desperate brain."

"I told Dr. Johnson" (says Boswell) "that I had several times, when in Italy, seen the experiment of placing a scorpion within a circle of burning coals: that it ran round and round, in extreme pain; and, finding no way to escape, retired to the centre, and, like a true stoic philosopher, darted its sting into its head, and thus, at once, freed itself from its woes."

I have already cited the Latin of one of Shakspeare's fine thoughts. The following are of yet more curious resemblance. Let it be remarked, however, that these (as well as that before cited) are from classic productions, of which no English translation, as old as Shakspeare's day, is known to exist.

Cicero, in one of his gay letters to the young Trebatius, replies to the murmurs of his youthful intimate, by insisting, that the abode of Britain, to which he has reluctantly been sent, is precisely that which he should have chosen; for that he will there be able to seem quite a sage, by comparison with those around him:

“Est quod gaudeas, te in ista loca venisse, ubi aliquid sapere viderere.”

“*Grave-digger.* It was the very day that young Hamlet was born: he that is mad, and sent into England. *Hamlet.* Ay, marry, why was he sent to England? *Grave-digger.* Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there: or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there. *Hamlet.* Why? *Grave-digger.* 'Twill not be seen in him there: there the men are all as mad as he.”—*Hamlet*, Act V. Scene 1.

The other instance is of the famous thought—

———— “The dread of something after death—  
That undiscovered country, from whose bourn  
No traveller returns.” ————— *Hamlet*.

and the parallel from Lucretius:

———— “Nemo expergitus extat,  
Frigida quem semel est vitæ pauca sequuta.”

Pardon me if my citations—most like, in the disarray at least, to

“Orient pearls at random strung”—

follow no better order than that in which memory or chance may present them to me: and permit me, for the present at least, to throw my passages together in the same ‘gay confusion’ with which I set out.

One author there is, who, to the thousand crimes of pilfering, joins the single (and perhaps scarcely adequate) virtue, of avowing his practices:

“That which I have” (says the venerable Burton) “is stolen from others; *dicitque mihi mea pagina*, ‘*Fur es.*’ If that severe doom of Synesius be true—that it is a greater offence to steal dead men's labours than their clothes—what shall become of most writers? I hold up my hand at the bar, amongst others, and am guilty of felony in this kind. *Habes confitentem reum;* I am content to be pressed with the rest.” “As Apothecaries, we make new mixtures every day—pour out of one vessel into another: and as the old Romans robbed all the cities of the world, to set out their bad-sited Rome, we skim off the cream of other men's wits—pick the choice flowers of their tilled gardens, to set out our own steril plots.” “By which means” (continues he) “it comes to pass, *non tam refertæ bibliothecæ quam cloacæ.* *Scribunt carmina quæ legunt cacantes:* they serve to put under pies, to lap spice in, and to keep roast meat from burning.”

This last may well have served for the hint to Pope's imprecation against his verses,—that when they shall offend the virtuous they may

“Clothe spice, line trunks, or, fluttering in a row,  
Re-fringe the walls of Bedlam or Soho.”

So, too, in the elder verse of Dryden—

“From dusty shops neglected authors come,  
Martyrs of pies, and reliques of ——.” (I forget the rest.)

In the Dunciad, the Prayer of Annus is clearly from Horace:

"But Annus, crafty seer, with ebon wand,  
And well-dissembled emerald on his hand,  
False as his gems, and cankered as his coins,  
Came, crammed with capon, from where Pollio dines,  
Soft as the wily fox is seen to creep  
Where bask, on sunny banks, the simple sheep,  
Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,  
So he: *but, pious, whispered first his prayer.*  
"Grant, gracious goddess! grant me still to cheat!  
Oh, may thy cloud still cover the deceit."

So Horace's Zealot approaches the shrine of Apollo, to pray aloud; then utters, less audibly, his true petition:

"*Labra movet, metuens audivi: 'pulchra Laverna,  
Da mihi fallere; da justum sanctumque videri;  
Noctem peccatis, et fraudibus objice nubem.'*"—*Epist. L. I. 16.*

The two following passages, from the "Essay on Man," seem to me distinctly traceable, to Montaigne.

"Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,  
Earth, for whose use? Pride answers, 'Tis for mine:  
For me kind Nature wakes her genial power,  
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower:  
Annual, for me, the grape, the rose, renew  
The juice nectareous and the balmy dew;  
For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;  
For me, health gushes from a thousand springs,  
Seas roll, to waft me; suns to light me, rise;  
My foot-stool, earth, my canopy, the skies.'"

To which add the following, that terminates, though in another place, the thought.

"Know, Nature's children all divide her care;  
The fur, that warms a monarch, warmed a bear.  
While man exclaims, 'see all things for my use!'  
'See man for mine!' replies a pampered goose."

"Car pourquoi ne dira un oyson ainsi: 'Toutes les piéces de l'univers me regardent: la terre me sert à marcher, le soleil à m'esclairer, les estoiles à m'inspirer leurs influences: j'ai telle commodité des vents, telle des eaux: il n'est rien que cette voulte regarde si favorablement que moy; je suis le mignon de la Nature.'"—*Montaigne, vol. III. 208 Johanneau's Ed.*

So, too, Pope's pathetic lines, that mark so well his filial tenderness, strongly recall the affecting passage in Tacitus, where he laments that Agricola had breathed out his noble spirit, in a foreign land, far from all those last cares, which affection would have paid.

"Me let the tender office long engage,  
To rock the cradle of declining age;  
With lenient arts, prolong a mother's breath;  
Make languor smile, and soothe the bed of death;  
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,  
And keep at least one parent from the sky."

"Mihi, praeter acerbitatem amici erepti, auget moestitiam, quòd assidere valetudini, fovere deficientem, satiari vultu, complexu, non contigit."—*Vita Agricolæ.*

The following is but little more than a paraphrase of Horace:

"Let the strict life of graven mortals be  
A long, exact and serious comedy;  
In every line, some moral let it teach,  
And, if it can, at once both please and preach."

*Pope. Epistle to Miss Blount.*

"Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ,  
Lectorem delectando, simul atque monendo."

The thought in Pope's 'Universal Prayer,' may be said to be but the petition in the Lord's Prayer.

"That mercy I to others shew,  
That mercy shew to me."

The following still further illustrate it—

"What sorrow was, thou madest her to know,  
And, from her own, she learned to melt at others woe."

*Gray. Hymn to Adversity.*

"But to little purpose have I served at thy altar, where my business was to sue for mercy, had I not learned to practise it."—*Sterne's Sermons.*

"He had served at the altar to no purpose, if he (whose trade was to sue for mercy) had not at all learned to practise it."—*Bishop Hall's Contemplations.*

### THE MONARCH'S GOBLET.

FROM GOËTHE.

In Thulé lived a monarch  
Faithful to the grave,  
To whom his dying mistress  
A golden goblet gave.

To him was nought so dear,  
He fill'd it daily up;  
And tears bedimmed his eye  
So oft he touch'd that cup.

And as his death approach'd,  
He told his cities all  
And gave them to his heir,  
But not that darling bowl.

He held a royal banquet  
Amidst his knightly train,  
In yon ancestral castle  
That frowns upon the main.

Then quaff'd the old carouser  
The last vivific glow,  
And dashed the sacred goblet  
Down in the flood below.

He saw it plunge and fill,  
And vanish 'neath the main,  
His old eye, sinking, clos'd—  
He never drank again.

*Charleston, S. C.*

**G. D.**

## A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF HANS HOLBEIN.

EVERY one has heard of Hans Holbein the painter: but the one of whom I speak swung a stout flail instead of handling the pencil; the subjects of his untiring labors were rich sheaves of wheat and millet; and the place of canvas was supplied by a polished barn-floor whereon he raised many an animated picture. His little domain, which was situated in a pleasant region of the Hartz county, was commonly called 'Dreschdicle,' which means a threshing floor, and as he plied his task diligently, Hans grew rich apace. Like Allan Adale in the ballad, he had begun life with the 'blue vault of heaven' for a home; but he had now a snug roof over his head, and to the lentil pulse which formerly sent up its solitary steam from his table, he was now able to superadd numerous delicacies. Although a good Catholic, Hans was not fond of fast days: and indeed he was very like that good man Erasmus, who told his holiness the Pope, that his body was somewhat inclined to be Protestant, but his soul remained purely Catholic. Hans had rosy cheeks, an agreeable mein, natural manners, sterling integrity, and a dash of poetry: which last, as far as I know, was his only wayward tendency. If he was not one of Nature's noblemen, he was a very clever fellow, and just of the calibre to stand by a friend in the hour of danger, or to woo a princess, as events might suggest. He had been at the Leipzig fair, where he had bought a file of the 'Algemeine Zeitung,' 'Göethe's Faust,' Schiller's tragedies of 'Maria Stuart' and 'Don Carlos' and some other books: the reading of which had yielded him great advantages, as it had made him discontented and unhappy. His poetical endowments now rendered him quite restless, and, of late, he would often wander forth to indulge in fanciful speculations and 'hold converse with nature's charms;' being, I suppose, very much in such a mood as Gibbon was, when he heard, in imperial Rome, the chaunting of vespers, and resolved forthwith to write the 'Decline and Fall.' During these rambles, Hans Holbein would ask himself such questions as these, and a good many others: some of which, I am sure, are very hard to answer. "What is the ultimate object of my creation? Why has my lot been cast in these solitudes? Why do I experience a softer emotion when I see yonder cascade twinkling in the moonlight, than when I behold my millet field ready for the harvesting? What means that singular and onward impulse that comes mazing about my head and heart like the waters of the Zauberstrom? If I am to die and be forgotten like the goatherd who knows nothing but to take care of his flock, why am I assailed by aspirations that soar heavenward, and seem to point to something beyond this sequestered region?" These and a great many other similar questions did Hans propound to himself in all sincerity of heart: but in attempting to solve them, he always broke down upon the very hinge upon which all the argument turned.

He was abroad one pretty summer's evening, and began to indulge his reveries, while he lay stretched at ease on a spot known by the name of Eider Bank. This was a grassy slope, which rose from where its green margin was moistened by the eddying current of the Zauberstrom, like

the glacis of Cormontaigne's bastioned front: while the oblique rays of the golden sun, at the time I speak of, had a grazing fire, right through the serried ranks of eider blossoms, and the nodding wild flowers and scattered bunches of furze that were sprinkled over its surface. On the opposite side, the Drachenfels ascended abruptly with its retreating battlements, until one single needle-shaped column pierced the blue eastern sky, far, very far above the bed of the mountain stream: and its rugged sides, dotted over by many a fir and sturdy larch, and jutting cliffs with their clinging shrubbery, were bathed in a rich yellow radiance. Now an imaginative Italian would have styled this scene 'un pezzo del cel caduto in terra;' and as Hans Holbein lay enjoying it, the spirit within him became actively rebellious: and selecting his imagery from what was before his eyes, he launched forth into the following silly versification, to wit:

Sweet is a greenwood tree or bushy glen,  
Sweet is repose away from haunts of men:  
Sweet is the music of a purling rill,  
And sweet is Summer sunshine on a hill:  
Sweet, too, are wild-flowers on an oozy bank,  
And sweet the sigh of winds in grottos dank:  
Sweet to a traveller a swelling fountain,  
And sweet to goats the summit of a mountain:  
Sweet is the hum of bees, but not their sting,  
And sweet a waterfall in early Spring.

I cannot tell the gentle reader how many more *sweets* he might have manufactured, if he had not been interrupted by a sharp, lady-like cry of '*bravo*,' '*bravissimo*,' close by his side. The astonishment of the illustrious Gil Blas was not more profound, when he saw the lame soldier, the empty hat, and levelled musket, than was that of Hans Holbein, when, on turning his head a little, he saw near him a young woman of exquisite beauty mounted on an ambling bay palfrey, from whose jet black mane were suspended numerous little silver bells, while the ivory bow-saddle was gaily embroidered in gold, and the spotless housing of French lawn was curiously worked with point of Venice. The appointments of the bewitching rider were quite in keeping with what has already been described. She wore a riding-dress of azure silk, fastened at the throat by an emerald clasp, and confined round the waist by a crimson sash of the same material: partially disclosing the elegant symmetry of her form. An impudent looking dirk, in a gold scabbard, and mother-of-pearl handle, dangled from an embroidered belt; and a velvet hat, with drooping plumes, seemed to rest upon three or four hairs of her finely formed head. The reader has already inferred, no doubt, that Hans Holbein had never seen any especial school of manners—that is, he had neither cried *h-o-t corn* in the market, measured linen behind a counter, ridden in a stage coach, nor knelt in a lady's bower: nor, indeed, had his ears been accustomed to words ending in *a, e, i, o, u*: but long before he had surveyed the stranger's equipments, he was upon his feet, hat in hand, and dropping a decidedly genteel bow, he said, '*I am entirely at your ladyship's service.*' '*Ladyship me no ladyships,*' was the tart reply. '*I shall be proud to obey your commands,*' said the persevering Hans, as he dropped another well-timed bow. '*I do not*

like your looks,' said the provoking coquette, while her intellectual speaking eyes said, 'I have not seen a face I like so well this many a day.' 'You have not tried my worth,' said Hans. 'Nor do I intend to try it,' exclaimed the unrelenting Diana. 'I am resolved to follow so fair a guide,' rejoined the bold Hans. 'You are growing rather impertinent, sir.' 'Have the goodness to blame your beauty for that, fraulein: I am still your slave, and intend to remain so.' 'Follow me, then:' and she led him a wild chase through a vista of oaks, much like that at Benevento, near the good city of Savannah, until they emerged upon a forest glade, near the border of which an open gateway admitted them into a spacious enclosure: and behold! the white marble façade of a palace was before them: the arris-fluted columns of its Grecian, Doric portico, and the figures in relief emblazoned on the frieze of the chaste entablature, sparkling and flashing in the strong light of a full moon, like an Alpine glacier on a sunny morning. A spicy fragrance was in the air, and soft as velvet was the elastic turf in that vicinage, where winding walks, sweet parterres, copses of orange, myrtle, acacia and other exotic trees, tinkling fountains, and glassy lakes, with painted galleys riding at anchor, were all steeped in the pale streaming moonlight. Music and dancing were in the hall above: 'There is no love there,' said the guide; 'but if you choose, you can enter and sympathize in the merriment of fools: if not, put this horn to your lips.' Hans winded the horn almost without effort: the notes of it awoke a thousand sleeping echoes, and ere the last had ceased to vibrate on his ear, a steed, well caparisoned, stood before him: he vaulted into the saddle, and in a moment they were in full career. He now had time to recover, in some degree, from his amazement, and to harbor some apprehension that he might be following a fairy queen or Mephistophiles transformed; and the startling aspect of all around him recalled these passages from Faust, where the *scene* is in the Hartz mountains, and the *time* is the night of the first of May:

In die Traum-und Zaubersphäre  
Sind wir, scheint es, eingegaugen.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Durch die Steine, durch den Rasen  
Eilet Bach und Büchlein nieder,  
Hör' ich Rauschen? hör' ich Lieder?

\* \* \* \* \*  
Uhu! Schuhu! töut es näher,  
Kanz und Reibitz und der Häher.

Here we are to me, it seems,  
In the fairy land of dreams.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Through the stones and through the turf,  
Stream and streamlet haste along,  
I hear the rushing ocean surf,  
And airy echo swells the song.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Uhu! Schuhu! I hear the cry  
Of owl and lapwing wheeling by.

And onward they rode, like Bürger's Leonora with her dead sweetheart,

"Und hurre, hurre, hop, hop, hop,  
Gings fort in sausendem Galop."

But I will here rest a moment, in order to do my hero justice. It is true he had some misgivings; but he was possessed of that cool and genuine courage, which consists in almost entire ignorance of what fear is; which, in short, as we have seen above, had enabled him to stand fearlessly before the unmasked battery of a pretty woman's scorn—

(whether real or pretended, it does not make much difference): and I assure the courteous reader, that if he had been a General of Division, he would have led on his troops to battle in the first place, and have deprecated the calamities of war after the struggle was over.

'Wait a little to look about you,' said his companion, as she sprang from her palfrey, before the frowning entrance of a baronial castle. Judge of the sweet surprise and ecstacy of Hans, as he beheld a sight so fair, that he had not yet seen the like. A blue and tranquil stream flowed around the base of the castle, forming its moat, and, after numerous meanders, was lost to the view among the enamelled meadows: flocks and herds were reposing on fifty sunlight hills, and the gleaming foliage of noble forest trees rustled and waved in the sweet eastern breeze, like the displayed banners of an advancing host.

"V'è l'aura molle, e'l Ciel sereno, e lieti  
Gli alberi, e i prati, e pure, e dolci l'onde;  
Ove fra gli amenissimi mirteti  
Sorge una fonte, e un fumicel diffonde:  
Piovono in grembo all 'erbe i sonni quieti  
Con un soave mormorio di fronde:  
Cantan gli angelli: i marmi io taccio, e l'oro,  
Meravigliosi d'arte, e di lavoro."

*Jerusalem Delivered, Canto X.*

In his transport, Hans seized the engloved hand that was resting on the stone balustrade, and pressed it to his lips with quite as much fervency, and as good action, as though he had been used to such things. A good natured smile, and a slap that made his cheeks tingle, was the only answer vouchsafed to this piece of gallantry. Entering this regal looking strong hold of power, Hans was received into an ample gallery with a vaulted roof, the walls of which were well garnished with portraits, and he observed these letters emblazoned in gold over the arch-way, to wit: '*Nothing is constant but change.*' Hans did not trouble himself with the pictures, but admired the deeply shafted windows and adjacent buttresses of enormous size that were visible through them. 'That revel you saw ended with the dawn of day: here is something permanent: this is a true picture of life,' said his companion. 'I see no living beings here but you and myself,' said Hans. 'Look at those proud knights in armor! What was the life of the originals but a season of fearful passions and unsatisfied desires? Look at the portraits of those lovely women! What was their history but one of happiness almost unalloyed, of eloquent sorrows, and of crushed affections? Was the spirit that animated the clay of all these ever at rest? And is it not true that '*Nothing is constant but change?*'

The lady had never appeared so fascinating to Hans, as when she pronounced these last words with due emphasis, and a becoming animation.

'Sweet and adorable being! are not you fairer than all these? What to me are those inanimate and soulless objects, when I am in such a presence as yours? What to me is the history of those who are consigned to oblivion, when yours, in which I feel so deep an interest, is wrapped in mystery?'

'Your interest is strong indeed, considering you have so short an acquaintance with me.'

'And is time, then, the measure of the affections?—are our sensibilities

to be regulated and controlled by the revolutions of the sun? Lady! I would jeopard happiness, fortune, life itself, if I could but possess you and cherish you.'

Hans Holbein, in the peerless integrity of his manly spirit, had made love without making any cold and close estimates about the future: he had done equal honor to the passion itself, and to the subject of it: he would not have exerted a more intrepid energy in scaling a glacier, 'in suppressing insurrection, or repelling invasion:' but neither the noiseless and terrible eve of battle, nor the desperate trumpet sounding a charge, could have occasioned the same degree of tremulous emotion through his frame, as did the hurried utterance of those words with which he '*proposed.*' His arm encircled her gentle form—he felt her soft breath upon his cheek—his agitation increased—he awoke.

Kind reader! I stop an instant here, and make my apology to you for having departed from the simple and quiet style with which I began this history. If I have gone on amplifying, and at times nearly risen into eloquence, it is the fault of the subject. Sismondi, in his 'History of the Literature of the South of Europe,' says: 'Love is the most lively and the most poetical of all the social passions: and is, therefore, the most exciting theme of conversation or of composition.' I give you good authority.

When Hans Holbein awoke, a few rays of the declining sun still gilded the lofty pinnacle of the Drachenfels: the Zauberstrom was thrown into deep shade: the still night was falling around him; and a rheumatic twinge in his left knee convinced him of his imprudent exposure. It was a 'balm breathing cow,' whose warm breath had saluted his cheek. On her homeward way, she had encountered the familiar features of her owner, and, in this affectionate manner, had reminded him that it was high time to be up and going. Poor Hans! to be thus disenchanted! I am sorry to say, that the faithful animal got a hearty kick for her kind services. 'Well,' said Hans, as he walked with unwilling step towards his humble home, 'I am pretty well satisfied, that '*Nothing is constant but change.*''

J. L. L.

*Savannah, (Ga.) Sept. 19, 1835.*

#### PRAYER DURING THE BATTLE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KÖRNER.

FATHER, I call thee!  
The smoke of the cannon envelopes my brow,  
And the rattling lightning darts round me now;  
Guide the fierce conflict, I pray thee;  
Father, be near me!

Father, be near me:  
Lead me to victory: lead me to death;  
Thy laws I acknowledge with life's failing breath:  
Lord! as thou wilt, so lead me;  
God! I perceive thee!

God! I perceive thee.

When the pale leaf of Autumn breathes its sad moan,  
Or the battle-plain echoes its thundering tone,  
Well-spring of mercy! I see thee:

Thou, Father! bless me.

Thou, Father! bless me.

Life with its treasures, I yield to thy hand,  
Thou hast bestow'd it, 'tis thine to demand;  
Yet living or dying, still bless me:

Father! I praise thee.

Father! I praise thee.

'Tis not for vain glory we rush to the fight,  
Our swords are unsheathe'd in a cause just and right;  
Falling or standing, I praise thee;

God! I submit to thee.

God! I submit to thee.

When the thunder of death my ear shall enchain,  
And the life-blood gush from each op'ning vein,  
God! I yield myself to thee:

Father! I call thee.

*Charleston, S. C.*

#### SCRAP FROM A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

TO —————.

FAR o'er the bounding waves I go,  
Far, far from home and thee.  
I go to those I do not know—  
To those who know not me.

They tell me in that distant land,  
To which my fortunes lead,  
Kind Nature, with a lavish hand,  
Decks hill, and vale, and mead.

But what to me are fruits and flow'rs,  
Of richest taste or hues?  
Can they supply the happy hours,  
I hop'd to spend with you?

They say that other friends I'll find,  
And fairer objects see;  
But ah! the friends I leave behind  
Are *fair enough* for me.

Where'er I roam, by fate inclin'd,  
O'er distant land or sea,  
My heart its sweetest thoughts will find,  
When turn'd to home and thee.

S.

## FROM OUR ARM-CHAIR.

---

THE SOUTH-CAROLINA SOCIETY FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING. PUBLICATION No. I.—This pamphlet, from the pen of D. J. M'Cord, Esq. is the first-fruit resulting from the formation of the Literary Society at Columbia—an association whose plans and operations have excited much interest at the South, and whose object, as expressed in its constitution, is, “to elevate the moral and literary character of the State, by fostering its institutions, diffusing useful knowledge, raising the standard of education, and developing generally, its literary and scientific resources.” The pamphlet before us, purports to be the “Report of the section to which was referred the consideration of the state of the Free Schools”—a highly interesting subject, and treated, as was to be expected from the character of the gentleman to whom the task was assigned, in a very able and thorough manner. It contains much statistical information of the highest importance, and has been prepared, we understand, at this time, for the purpose of eliciting some legislative action on the subject at the next meeting of our General Assembly. We have, for a long time, thought our Free School system, in this State, a very defective and inefficient one, and calling imperatively for a radical reform. We hope that this Report, emanating from so high a source, will rouse public attention to the whole subject, and be instrumental in effecting changes in the mode of popular instruction, by which the best interests of the rising generation will be essentially promoted. If the new Society effects this object, and this alone, it will not have existed in vain. A thorough review of this valuable document may be expected in our next number. In the interim, our limits will not permit us to do more than furnish the following extract, which recommends a serious change in our present system, which if fully carried out, will, we think, be attended with the very best results.

Speaking of the School fund, Mr. M'Cord remarks:

“We feel greatly unwilling to recommend that this fund should be entirely diverted by the Legislature from the purposes of education; and therefore throw out, with much diffidence, the suggestion, that it might be made much more useful, by such an alteration of the present system as to establish one or more excellently endowed academies in each district, in such suitable places as now need such institutions. We have in more instances than one noticed the excellent effect of the establishment of a good academy in a district where previously there had been none. In a short time, a higher grade of education was thought necessary by parents for their children, which they found they could just as easily give them; and where, but a few years since, there was no academy within the whole district, there are, now, not only several in the same district, but in the same neighborhood, and a number of scholars in each; and where there had been but one or two, who had received collegiate educations, it is now common enough, and a still greater number are in preparation.

We would therefore recommend that, instead of having one school for each member (as at present directed by law, but seldom complied with) of the House of Representatives in each district, with three hundred dollars for each school, that the number of schools should be diminished to one, or two, in proportion to the means of each district—the appropriation for each district being the same as at present; and that six or twelve hundred dollars be paid the teachers. By which

means, academies may be established in such places, where the density of the population would make it beneficial to many, and where there is now no permanent good school of the kind. In this way, young men may be prepared as schoolmasters for inferior schools. They would soon, with the true American spirit, which can never be quiet or remain long in one place, spread their usefulness all over the State. By this means, the poor would receive more real benefit, by having competent schoolmasters of their own choice, furnished them at a cheap rate, than by any equivocal charity, which places, for the sake of a few dollars, their children in a position which they feel to be degrading, and which many have very properly rejected. At the academies, thus established, I would make no distinction between the scholars. The tuition should be put at such a low rate as to enable any poor, but industrious man, to educate his children, without feeling it; and the whole school be kept upon a perfect feeling of equality. At all of these academies we would elevate the course of studies; and it would be a most desirable thing if a board of examiners were established by law, and no man be allowed to keep one of these public academies who has not received from this board a certificate of his qualification."

**THE SOUTHERN ROSE.**—This periodical, conducted by one of the most distinguished literary women of our country, has recently made its appearance, in a new and enlarged form, with a beautiful exterior, and a considerable increase of matter, adapted to the maturer intellects of the rising generation, and acceptable to all classes of readers. Though always creditable, it is still more worthy than heretofore of its accomplished editor, and will add materially to her well-earned fame. It aims at a high standard of composition both in the prose and poetical departments, and, while in such hands, may be expected to exert the best influences upon society, particularly the youthful portion of it. The matter is various, well arranged and interesting—calculated not only to amuse, but to improve, instruct and elevate the minds of readers. Since its appearance in its new dress, we are happy to learn, that there has been a very handsome accession to its list of patrons. This was to be expected. Indeed, we cannot well see how any parent who has a sincere desire for the welfare of his offspring, if he have the means (and few there are, we believe, who have not the means) of subscribing for the work, can fail to patronize a periodical so well calculated to excite a literary spirit, and to breathe into the minds of their children a pure love of virtue, which shall afford a protection to character, and preserve it uncontaminated amidst all the vicissitudes of worldly fortune. We wish ‘the Rose’ may shed its fragrance far and wide throughout the whole South, and we recommend it to the especial regard of our own patrons. The work is beautifully printed, on the finest paper, by Mr. J. S. Burges of this city, semi-monthly, at two dollars per annum.

---

**SUBSTANCE OF A DISCOURSE BY THE RT. REV. DR. ENGLAND, UPON THE OCCASION OF GIVING THE HABIT OF THE URSULINE ORDER TO A YOUNG LADY.**

THIS is one of the most finished pieces of composition which the distinguished prelate, its author, has yet given to the American public. It appears to have been prepared for the press with unusual care, and bears the impress of the fine genius, thorough research, accurate scholarship, and benevolent christian temper which eminently characterise all the productions which have fallen from the same pen. In respect to the advantages of the Institution of which he so learnedly and earn-

estly speaks, we differ from him: and speaking of this difference, we would say, that under our happy constitutions of government, all sects are permitted to enjoy their own opinions, and that they should be permitted to do so peaceably, without 'let or hindrance;' and we therefore take the present opportunity, once for all, to give 'fair notice,' that this Magazine shall never, while we are officially connected with it, be made, in any shape or manner, a vehicle of religious controversy. We leave litigated theological points entirely out of the question, to be settled either in *foco conscientiae*, or by the ecclesiastical tribunals. We cannot, however, be indifferent to the literary merits of this address, and we recommend it both to Protestants and Catholics, as containing much curious and interesting information, and as constituting a beautiful historical record of ancient religious practices and ceremonies.

THE FINE ARTS.—MR. WHITE'S PICTURE OF TAKING THE VEIL.—The recent imposing ceremonial which took place at the Cathedral of St. Finbar in this city, (on which occasion the beautiful Discourse of Bishop England, just referred to, was delivered,) suggested the design of the above painting, which, we think, may fairly be regarded as the *chef d'œuvre* of this artist. It is the first production of Mr. White which we believe calculated to secure for him a high and deserved rank in the American School of Painters. The chief fault of Mr. White's pieces heretofore has been the crowding together too many figures upon his canvas, presenting to the eye, in the confused mass of objects before it, a *tout ensemble* distinguished by no very striking and prominent features. We allude now more particularly to his historical paintings—his battle scenes, in which, in attempting to tell too much, in a very narrow compass, he is apt to bewilder the minds of the spectators. In the present piece, by a skilful management of the *chiaroscuro*, he has succeeded well in throwing the multitude assembled into their proper position in the background, while the prominent actors in the scene, possessed of marked characters, are brought forward in fine and bold relief, intent upon the decorous performance of the solemn service which had summoned them together. The interesting Novice kneeling gracefully at the altar, in her new habiliments;—a little behind her the Lady Superior, with a countenance of remarkable dignity and sweetness, accompanied by several of the devoted inmates of the convent;—the Bishop in his rich and costly robes—his eye lighted up with uncommon fire, and his lips actually seeming to move upon the canvas;—his Deacons and other assistants, splendidly habited, and assigned their suitable locations and duties in the scene—the little boys in customary attendance, resembling two angels divested of their wings—these are the speaking personages who, sustaining different characters and offices, but all animated by one and the same impulse, constitute the separate individuals who make up this interesting group. There are some who will think the drapery somewhat stiff and the coloring too cold. The complexions of most of the prominent actors in the scene are, in our opinion, uniformly too fair for persons residing in a Southern latitude, and the artist has not studied variety enough in this particular. There are others who think the pencil has been too boldly used, and the colors laid on with too unsparing a hand. This arises from their taking their position too near to the painting, and viewing it in a bad light. There are only one or two points from which this painting, in the room where it is now exhibited, can be

viewed to advantage, and if these positions are selected, the objection, we are sure, will vanish. Some have thought that they discovered a very strong resemblance between the pictures and their originals. There is, in most instances, as far as we observed, a likeness, but the verisimilitude is not perfect. They are *imitations* and not *copies*, nor was it necessary in a narrative painting, of this sort, that they should be the latter. It was quite sufficient that some of the prominent outlines by which rank and character might be distinguished, should be seized, in order to serve as a guide to imagination, and this the artist has clearly accomplished.

Upon the whole, this last effort of Mr. White is calculated to elevate his fame as an artist, and we hope also that it will be a source of profit to him in those cities of our country where it will be shortly exhibited. The study from the *Corsair* (exhibited at the same place) is extremely well executed, and would be regarded as a decidedly fine and successful painting, were not the face of Gulnare altogether too masculine for the poet's conception.

---

POETS AND POETRY.—We thank our correspondents for various favors in the poetical department. We wish we could gratify all our votaries of the muses, by publishing their effusions, and at the same time do justice to ourselves, but this cannot uniformly be. Of the pieces sent us, some are wholly devoid of character and interest, and others possessed of various degrees of merit, which entitle them to more or less praise, but not to publication. Some seem to have entertained an opinion that we were at liberty to devote the greater part of our Journal to poetry, and have accordingly furnished us with whole poems divided into several cantos. To such we would say, that in a work limited at present to sixty-four pages, the *ne plus ultra* of our poetical articles must be two pages, or about a hundred lines, and we prefer that they should generally not exceed one page, or about fifty lines. We take this opportunity to say a word as to the *character* of poetry that will be acceptable to us. We are unwilling to admit any but the best pieces—pieces, recommended by striking sentiments and harmonious numbers. We mean that our poetical, as well as our prose articles, shall not fall short of the elevated standard adapted to a land pre-eminently one of genius and song. They will not be introduced merely as expletive matter to fill up gaps and *corners*, but will occupy conspicuous situations in the body of the Journal, and should be prepared with a view to undergo the most rigid criticism, to which they will certainly be subjected. There is a class of poetical effusions to which we shall give place very rarely, and with reluctance. We mean what may be called the *small shot* from the armoury of the Muses—the *petits morceaux* of *petit* passions—the whole array of epigrams, anagrams, enigmas, charades, acrostics, and ‘lines addressed to a young lady in her album.’ These are all well enough in their way and place—constituting a very agreeable cement to the tender emotions of ‘congenial spirits,’ but losing the best part of their charm, when they emerge from the privacy of domestic affections, and become exposed to the remarks and cavils of vulgar observation. They should generally be confined to their original destination. We do not say that we shall uniformly reject them, but we say that they must possess very sterling merit, and come recommended by the rareness of their wit, the felicity of their satire, or the aptness of their ridicule, in order to obtain a place in our pages. Particular attention must be paid by our poets to their *feet*, or they will never—strange as it may seem—be

able to *look up* to a high place in the temple of Fame, and take rank along with Pope, Dryden, Moore and Byron. Although some, it is said, are poets by nature, and have a proclivity to 'lisp in numbers' from their birth, yet it is no less true that Poetry is an *art*, which requires to be studied before it can be understood and practised. Horace, at least, has told us so, and no one had ever better means of information than he. Some of the verses sent us, remind us of an unmanageable steed, galloping over a rocky road, and, in the end, unhorsing his rider, that is, the poet.

We intended to have published extracts, in this number, from the 'Hanging Rock' and 'Tale of Mexico'—two poems sent to us for publication, possessed of very considerable merit, more especially the latter, but our limits will not permit. We shall notice them in our next, and also several published and unpublished poems of Mr. Henry B. Thompson, a Charleston bard, who only requires to cultivate his talents, and attend strictly to the rules of composition to attain to a high standing as a poet.

---

**AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF INSTRUCTION.**—This association, formed in Boston a few years since, is composed of teachers and others friends of education. It consisted, at first, of representatives from 'eleven different States of the Union'—a very respectable commencement—and although not speaking the voice of a majority of the States, yet acting, we suppose, on the principle, that minorities are sometimes in the right, in spite of general maxims to the contrary, they were, perhaps, correct in applying to their society the imposing epithet which they selected.—If not strictly *American* from the co-operation of the whole or a majority of the States, yet the object is one which all well-disposed and patriotic citizens throughout the country must heartily approve, and readily promote to the utmost of their ability. This object, in a word, is 'the diffusion of useful knowledge in regard to education'—an object, which it is discovered, in this age of associations, may, like many others, be very much advanced by conjoint enterprize.

A series of lectures has been annually delivered before this body, by gentlemen judiciously selected from the most talented in the land, and upon interesting topics in the departments of popular and classical education. These lectures have been published, and now form several volumes of essays, elaborately prepared, and well adapted to enlighten the public mind upon the various and important subjects and matters of which they treat. They may (or might some short time since) be readily obtained at most of the bookstores in this city, and should be in the hands of parents, teachers and statesmen—in a word—of all who take a lively interest in the moral and intellectual character of those who are hereafter to move upon the theatre of action among us.

Still there are some singular 'notions' in this valuable collection, which we have picked up as we passed along, and which may afford a subject of curious speculation to our readers. According to the preface to volume first, one of the principal objects of the American Institute is, 'to show that education is a science, to be advanced like every other science:' and the Rev. Dr Wayland,\* President of Brown

---

\* This is the same gentleman who has recently published a system of Moral Philosophy, in which he has attempted to prove, that in the catalogue of moral vices, *slavery* is to

University, in his introductory discourse before the Institute, defines what he understands by the term science, and, particularly, what he considers the object of the science of education. 'A science,' he says, at p. 13, 'is a compilation of the laws of the universe on one particular subject;' and at p. 6, 'the object of the science of education is, to render mind the fittest possible instrument for discovering, applying or obeying the laws under which God has placed the universe.' We like his definition of a science, but that education is a science, or that, if a science, the objects of this science are correctly indicated, we doubt. Mr. James Carter, who seems to be quite an enthusiast on the subject of education, in his Lecture before the Institute, on 'the Development of the Intellectual Faculties,' p. 65, says, "It may be new to some of my hearers, even now, to hear the subject of education spoken of *as a science*. I am sure it was new to me a few years ago. And it must be confessed that the term is applied to it rather in consideration of what it should be, than of what it really is, or is understood to be, even by some who have been long engaged in its practical details. But is it incredible, or even improbable, that a new science may yet be disclosed?" The Bostonians are certainly in advance of us in reference to this supposed discovery. What was 'new' to Mr. Carter a 'few years ago,' about education being a science, is, we confess, 'new' to us 'even now.' We have not kept pace with the rapid 'march of mind' in this particular—a fault, doubtless, for which we have none to blame but ourselves, but for which we will endeavor to atone, by making a concession which seems to be expected. We admit, then, that this 'new science may yet be disclosed.' Enterprise properly directed, has been known to accomplish greater wonders. In this age of steam, grammar, it is said, has been taught by a curious process of evaporation. While such marvels distinguish the history of our times, it must not be regarded remarkable should we chance hereafter to see a teacher of the alphabet elevated to the dignity of a Professor, and his name handed down to posterity as entitled to occupy a high niche in the temple of Intellectual Philosophy. Mr. Carter, however, we are sorry to say, tells us, that this science is, at best, only a science in embryo, and that its fundamental principles are not well understood, even by persons 'who have long been engaged in its practical details.' Now this 'long' time embraces a pretty considerable space—ever since Eve plucked the tempting apple from the tree in the middle of the garden, and giving it to her husband, taught him to know right from wrong—'long' time enough, we should suppose, for the inventors to prepare and bring out their grand science. We shall certainly become impatient, if we are held much longer in abeyance. A science which persons, who have been studying it the longest, yet know little or nothing about, but which the learned Dr. Wayland still pronounces 'the most important of all the sciences,' must be a *rara avis*—possibly a new species of the Bird of Paradise—certainly something very profound. It might seem invidious to call it 'a notion'—perhaps it is an *ignis fatuus*. Such things have been heard of, though we never saw one before. If, however, it is a bird, which is quite as likely, we would recommend that its wings be cut a little, in order to tame and domesticate it. We should be sorry to see the *Science of Education*, with its novel, beautiful and variegated plumage, soaring aloft into the heavens,

be regarded as a *new sin*. He has read the New Testament, we think, to little purpose if he does not remember the Christian injunction, 'Servants, or (as it should have been translated) 'Slaves, obey your masters,' clearly proving, that if it be the *duty* of slaves to obey their masters, there is a corresponding *right* on the part of masters, to claim their obedience.

far beyond the reach of mortal ken. It would be, rich as we are in birds, a loss to the American ornithologist which nothing else could supply. Our museums, too, would lose the rarest and most curious 'specimen' that ever graced their shelves. Moreover, to apply to any thing or entity the dignified appellation of a *science*, a word that is fit only for a Professor, or a learned Doctor of the Laws, or the President of the United States, or the King of England, rather in consideration of what the thing or entity 'should be, or is understood to be, than of what it really is,' is parcel of a curious proceeding—somewhat in violation, we should fear, of Dean Swift's good old rule, 'proper words in proper places.' Let us prefer to call the 'entity'—be it 'bird,' 'notion,' or 'fatuus'—by its right name; and since it cannot carry the colors of a *science*, till the members of 'the Institute' get a little further advanced, or receive a revelation of new light touching 'the laws of the universe,' let us tranquilly wait till that important era arrives, and in the mean time, give the little winged creature a name that the public will tolerate—denominate it, for example, *education* simply, without the *science*; or, as it calls for activity, distinguish it by the appellation of 'a duty'—'a pursuit'—very respectable terms in a republican country; or, if these are too plebeian for those who, it seems, emulate the fame of the Greek philosophers, dignify it, at once, by the sonorous and imposing epithet of 'a profession.' This is going sufficiently high in the scale, we hope, for the teacher of the alphabet, and cannot, it is believed, fall far below the ambition of the expounder of Euclid's Elements.

We are not, however, strenuous. Names, we are aware, according to some liberal thinkers, are nothing. A think, we admit, is a thing, whether it be called *a thing*, or *un chose*. We have no objection to regarding education, in a certain sense, as a science. It may properly enough perhaps be said to be, the *science of knowing how to teach*; but this science, we apprehend, is, in the present age of the world, no novelty, although it may be susceptible of improvements. Science though it may be, it cannot certainly, in any point of view, be looked upon as constituting 'a compilation of the laws of the universe.' A compilation of the laws of the universe in respect to the motions of the heavenly bodies, is Astronomy—in reference to Light, is Optics—to Air, is Pneumatics—to Water, is Hydrostatics—but what collection of the laws of Nature or the universe, constitutes this new science—the science of education? These laws have never yet been 'disclosed,' collected and reduced into a fixed and harmonious system worthy of so distinguished a name.

Nor does the 'object' of education appear to us correctly stated by Dr. Wayland. It is not, as is affirmed, the 'object of education, to render the mind a fit instrument for *discovering* the laws of the universe;' but its object, on the part of the instracter is, to teach, and, on the part of the pupil is, to learn, those laws of the universe which have been *already discovered*. If the teacher, or the learner, goes beyond the limits of 'the known' in science, and enters the region of speculation for the purpose of making discoveries, he may, doubtless, see strange things, but, in grasping at shadows, he may lose the very substance of knowledge. A teacher should be a plain, practical, well-informed man, endowed with a good share of common sense, and not a visionary; and the pupil should be taught the true nature of things *as they are*, and not be permitted to indulge his fancy about matters that are not yet 'understood to be.' The experience of individuals should be consulted; valuable hints be suggested; rules of discipline and instruction be laid down; vari-

ous methods of moral and intellectual culture be tested, matured and brought to bear upon this useful department; and the whole may be dignified, if the name be called for, by the imposing title of *a science*: but these arrangements, after all, should be regarded as mere human expedients—as the imperfect laws of man—not as the laws of nature and ‘the universe.’

We understand that an academy or college has been established at the North, of which Mr. Carter has been President, and where this new science has been taught. The object of the institution is to *teach teachers how to teach*, it being understood, as a matter of course, that the President himself is perfectly conversant with all the particulars of the grand science. We wish that he would publish some programme of it for the benefit of the ignorant and the curious—a few of the general definitions, axioms, postulates and problems, with an occasional demonstration thrown in by way of illustration. A fair and bold movement of this kind, we assure him, would do much to place the science—dear, rare, little thing—whether bird, or quadruped,—on its legs. As it is a ‘new’ science, it is to be presumed that it contains something rare—some choice principles, not before ‘disclosed.’ We are not satisfied when its projectors tell us, as they do, that one of the cardinal maxims of their science is, that a child should learn one thing at a time—that he should attend strictly to what he learns, or he will not understand it—that, when he has ceased to go in leading-strings, he should be permitted to go alone, and such like elementary doctrines. There must be something more in this vaunted science, surely, than merely this. We want to know what it consists of, that is truly valuable—decidedly creditable to enlightened men living in an improved age. At present, the idea, we confess, appears to us supremely ridiculous.

The American Institute partakes of no aristocratic features. It is a popular association, not intended to foster the pride of a few, but to act beneficially upon the great mass of the people. We concur with it in the hope, that it will do much “towards elevating the standard and increasing the efficiency of popular instruction,” and we look forward to this result with a degree of confidence, when we consider the character, and high qualifications of the gentlemen, who are embarked in the enterprize.

---

**ANTI-ABOLITION SPIRIT AT THE NORTH.**—We have been favored, by a friend, with the copy of an interesting and well-written oration, delivered before the citizens of New-Bedford, on the Fourth of July, 1835, containing, among some partial, many sound and judicious reflections on the subject which has recently so much agitated the whole South. The address is written in a fine spirit, although we differ from the author in some of his views. It derives an increased value, as an indication of popular opinion, from the fact, that it comes from one of the richest and most flourishing cities of our country, one half, or two thirds of whose numerous population is composed of Friends—a class of Christians who, from the time of their favorite Clarkson down to the present, have been opposed to the institution of slavery, in every form.

We give, as an extract of interest from this pamphlet, the following graphic delineation of the character and mission of the notorious George Thompson:

“Who is this George Thompson, who is embroiling one section of this country with the other? He is a gentleman, who, I understand, was sent out by the old

women of Scotland, to lecture the old women of the *northern* parts of this confederacy, upon a subject which neither of the three parties understand or comprehend. And I deem it no disrespect to my fair countrywomen, so to speak, when the most profound statesmen of this country have found it a subject for the most anxious and gloomy meditations. The mission of this man is so extraordinary, that I consider it an era in the history of the country, and his bold and insolent interference with the most delicate, irritating and vital political interests of a strange country, justifies me in designating him by name. When has a foreigner before attempted to lecture and upbraid a civilized people with their social institutions? We are called a mobbish, a turbulent people; but, I ask, where, among any people on earth, from the day that Noah landed on Ararat, till this day, could such a violation of the duties which the citizens of one nation owe to another, such a violation of all national courtesy, have been committed, without danger to the perpetrator? It shows the forbearance of our people. Should an American citizen attempt to lecture the English people on the misery and distress of the operatives in their manufacturing districts, he would be imprisoned as a lunatic, or saved from that fate, that the cheap and simple honor might be bestowed upon him, which Tom Paine promised to Lord Howe—"a balmage of humble tar, and a hieroglyphic of feathers."

As a still further indication of correct sentiments, on this vitally important topic, among the intelligent and patriotic citizens of the North, we have been politely furnished with the following extract of a letter addressed to a gentleman of this city, dated at Portsmouth, N. H. written in reference to the late spirited resolutions on that subject, passed by the good citizens of that place:

"At this meeting, but a solitary voice was raised against the resolutions adopted. On the subject of Abolition, I know, personally, but of one individual in this community in favor of it; I have made inquiry of others, and find that the number who advocate these doctrines is very few indeed—and of that number, every thing is to be hoped in favor of a change of views, growing out of the discussions which recent developments have produced.

"Abolition societies appear more formidable at a distance, than at home. They have been got up by *leaders*, under the assurance that the slave was to be benefited by their efforts, and that it was the duty of every christian and philanthropist to forward and favor their enterprize. Well disposed persons, by personal solicitation, have joined them, who will be the first to desert them, when more enlightened views will shew them the tendencies of the principles they have assumed.

"The abolition of slavery, as proposed by these societies, violates a civil contract entered into, with much deliberation, by the framers of our Constitution, and secured by that instrument to the States, who could not, if they would, divest themselves of it. The slave, unable to protect himself against poverty and evil, was to be protected by his master and the State—and between these parties an implied contract existed, each of which is entitled to their equivalents; if labor was given, support was received. In this relation, however unequal, there was room for all the virtues to have their perfect operation; and I believe that facts will warrant the assumption, that the condition of the slave population in the aggregate, is better than that of the free black, who assumes all the cares and responsibilities of self-support.

"The severance of this contract, of these relations, would be an evil, that but few of us would be willing to assume—for the bitter consequences would be certain and sure. The consummation of the purposes of the Abolitionist, would be an immediate return to that political condition, which existed before the formation of our present Constitution. Break this instrument, and we resolve ourselves into the elements from which we were gathered. Would not this be an evil, which nothing but rashness and ignorance would encounter? It would be an evil hazarding not only our prosperity, but our safety; and which, I am sure, the enlightened patriot would avoid. But the consequences to particular States—who could foresee? The dissolution of the relation between master and slave, *without equivalent*, would involve both parties in ruin. Your fair land, which now supports

a numerous and happy population, would become the wretched dwelling place of the desperate and the depraved. What christian, what philanthropist, would aid in such a work? Surely those views must be full of error, that can see good through such a mass of evil. What State, and what country, I would ask, could sustain a *pauperism*, which such an abolition would produce? A servile war, a neglected soil, an indolent population, would produce a state of poverty which no one could reckon, and a series of disasters which no one could calculate. Believe me, the North are with you—that we deprecate an interference with your concerns as much as you do—and lament the delusion that would sacrifice a nation's peace and a nation's prosperity, to views not founded either in the principles of humanity or christianity.

Every step the Abolitionist would take to dissolve abruptly the relations of master and slave, would be *evil* in its progress, and *evil* in its results. Is any man called upon, on *christian* principles, to be a minister of evil? Surely no. We may benefit whom we will, so long as *unmingled* good follows our actions; but when, to attain even a *positive* good, we must travel through a mass of evil, christian principles forbid the progress. The evil must be avoided, and good offices limited within this prescribed circumference. The consequences of our actions are proper subjects of consideration and care; and men, who would disregard them, will always be looked upon with apprehension and alarm. Much good will result from the present agitated state of the public mind on this subject, and men who have been passive instruments in the hands of others, will now think for themselves, and survey the consequences, in which these theories would involve them.

"I look forward to a change in the views of many Abolitionists, from the recent developments of their leaders. Many have been persuaded to join them, by assurances, that none other than a persuasive influence over the planters would be exerted—that no other object was aimed at, than a fair discussion of principles, which might result in the mutual benefit to the parties:—this is the sophistry that has given them the support of men desirous to do that which was right; and nothing but intelligence, which the present discussion will furnish, will enable them to discard principles, which carried out into consequences, they will be the first to deprecate. A better state of things is in prospect—our community is becoming united as one man on this subject—and they will speak forth in a language that will assure you of the fact."

These views reflect credit both upon the head and heart of the writer—are philanthropic, christian and politic. On the subject of an *equivalent*, however, to be offered by the citizens of the North for our slaves, we undertake to say, that South Carolina at least, would not, for the sake of all the wealth that is garnered up in the coffers of the New-England States, become a party to a bargain so ruinous and degrading. The citizens of the South stand upon their rights. They are able to protect their domestic institutions by the shield of the Constitution, and could easily show, if they would condescend to do it, that slavery has been not only theoretically but practically recognised as lawful in every country, under every government and by every religion. Under these circumstances, they would scorn to barter away their dearest rights for the sake of money. There is *no* equivalent that *can* be offered them which they would think it their duty to accept.

LIST OF PAYMENTS  
FOR VOLUME I. OF THE SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL

FROM SEPTEMBER 1 TO OCTOBER 1 INCLUSIVE.

If any payment be omitted, the Editor respectfully requests that the omission may be immediately signified to him, and credit will be given in the next number of the Magazine.

*Charleston*.—Rev. S. Gilman, P. A. Porcher, Dr. Allen, R. M. Allen, Mrs. Dupont, Gen. R. Y. Hayne, Henry D. Lesesne, G. W. Cramer, Thomas J. Colcock, M. Furman, Wm. Hayne, Dr. J. Grimké, J. G. Spidle, W. R. Laurent, Mrs. G. Matthews, O. L. Dobson, M. A. Waring, E. Waring, E. Carew, G. Buist, F. L. Hutchinson, Dr. T. M. Logan, E. M'Creedy, Dr. W. T. Wragg, R. R. Taylor, J. L. Wilson, F. Wimber, W. Robinson, S. Lee, C. Douglas, R. Carnochan, W. Lee, Ursuline Convent, E. J. Howland, D. Lesesne, J. B. White, H. Bailey, Dr. J. Bellinger, McCartney & Gordon, G. W. Logan, W. H. Bailey, Dr. A. E. Gladstone, A. E. Robinson, J. Robinson, Rev. W. H. Barnwell, Rev. B. Manly, J. D. Ravina, T. L. Burden.

*Columbia*.—Hon. H. W. Desaussure.

*Abbeville*.—Dr. R. L. Taggart.

*Pineville*.—John G. Palmer.

*Savannah*.—W. B. Bulloch, A. Porter, Rev. S. A. Mealy, I. H. Tefft, J. H. Roberts, S. B. Williams, J. C. Ferrill, J. L. Cope, C. B. Carter, G. B. Jammer, C. H. Campfield, R. Hutchinson.

*Augusta, Geo.*.—James Harper.

*Appleton, N. Y.*.—Gabriel Jones.

*Jackson, N. C.*.—K. P. Willis.

---

We again request such of our patrons as may find it convenient, to advance the amount of their subscriptions, as the increasing expenses of the Journal render the payment of the same highly desirable.

In this city, Mr. JOHN MCNEILL, who distributes the Journal, is authorized to receive the subscription money, or it may be handed over to the Editor or Printer.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

An article on the trials of British Travellers upon our country, East Florida, entitled 'National Views' intended to be presented in our Journal, is necessarily postponed to our next. The same position must be made of a paper on the 'Legal Consequences of Health by an eminent member of the Medical Profession.' The Lecture of R. Carroll on the 'Life and Character of Lord Brougham,' read before the Literary and Philosophical Society of this metropolis, will also appear in our next number. Our political correspondence, and its patient, of their articles as are acceptable, shall certainly appear, according to their priority in point of time.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS

FOR THE SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL RECEIVED BY J. S. BURGESS, AT THE OFFICE OF PUBLICATION IN BROAD-ST. AND BY THE FOLLOWING AGENTS:

### SOUTH-CAROLINA.

J. R. & W. Cunningham, *Columbia*.  
Alexander Young, *Camden*.  
Brown Bryan, *Charleston*.  
Geo. M. C. Witherspoon, *Lancaster*.  
T. Melton, P. M., *Yorkville*.  
William D. Henry, *Chesterville*.  
R. J. Gage, *Unionville*.  
Z. Edwards, *Spartansburg*.  
C. M. Kennedy, *Laurens*.  
William P. Butler, *Newberry*.  
F. F. Berchie, *Granville*.  
John Robertson, M. D., *Pickensville*.  
Ira Thayer, *Ashdown*.  
Robert B. Wardlaw, *Abbeville*.  
G. L. Penn, *Edgefield*.  
S. F. H. M'Dowell, *Aiken*.  
E. F. M'Donald, *Hamburg*.  
Thomas W. Boone, *St. Paul's*. P. J. K. Tost,

### NORTH-CAROLINA.

John McRee, *Fayetteville*.  
William Peck, *Raleigh*.  
James M. Palmer, *Hillsborough*.  
Isaac G. Parrot, *Charlotte*.  
Smith & Flanagan, *Salisbury*.  
D. M. Barringer, *Goldsboro*.  
T. W. Spratt, *Wilmington*.  
Sam. S. Hardin, M. D., *Berea*.  
Geo. James Cook, *Blacksburg*.  
H. B. Williams, *Charlotte*.  
William Johnson, M. D., *Hickory*.  
John G. Bynum, *Raleigh*.  
Isaac T. Avery, *Asheville*.  
C. A. Miller, *Lincolnton*.  
Charles Carson, *Burlington*.  
W. P. Thomas, *Bryson City*.  
B. A. White, M. D., *Franklin*.

Subscriptions have not yet been solicited in other Districts of the State.

B. A. White, M. D.

## THE SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

Is published monthly at \$5 per annum, and half yearly in advance.